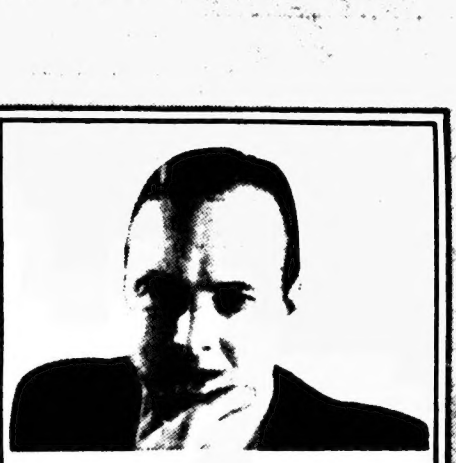
TWOPENCE
Vol. LXI.
1612.

THE CORONATION AND YOU, *by* A.G.G. (SEE PAGE SEVEN)

JOHN BULL

GRACIE FIELDS CABLES FROM HOLLYWOOD

Cablegram



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THE LARGEST CYCLE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

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THE family retired for the night without giving much thought to the few embers that remained in the sitting-room grate.

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Despite the prompt action of the fire brigade, nothing was left of what they had once called "home."

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No household is immune from the risk of such a tragedy. In such terrible circumstances, think what a generous cheque would mean to *you*.

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Accident Benefit—Adults	£166 0 0
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Signature .....

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 8/5/37.

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

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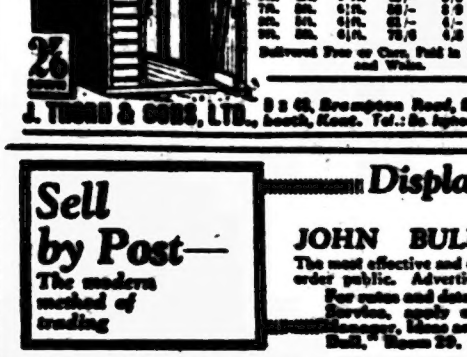
3/6



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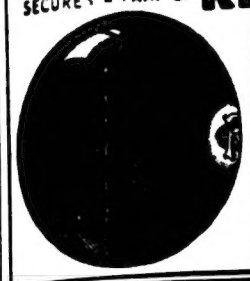

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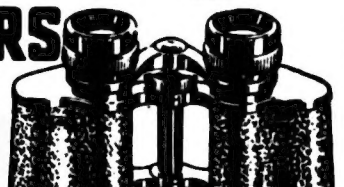

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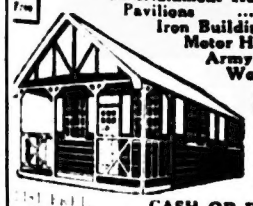

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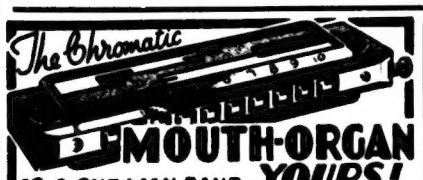

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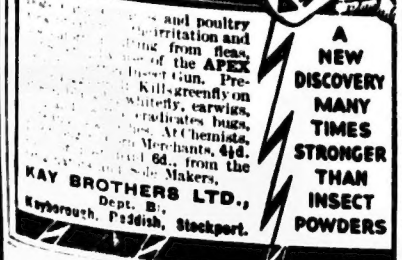

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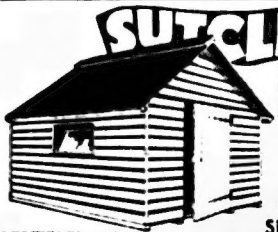

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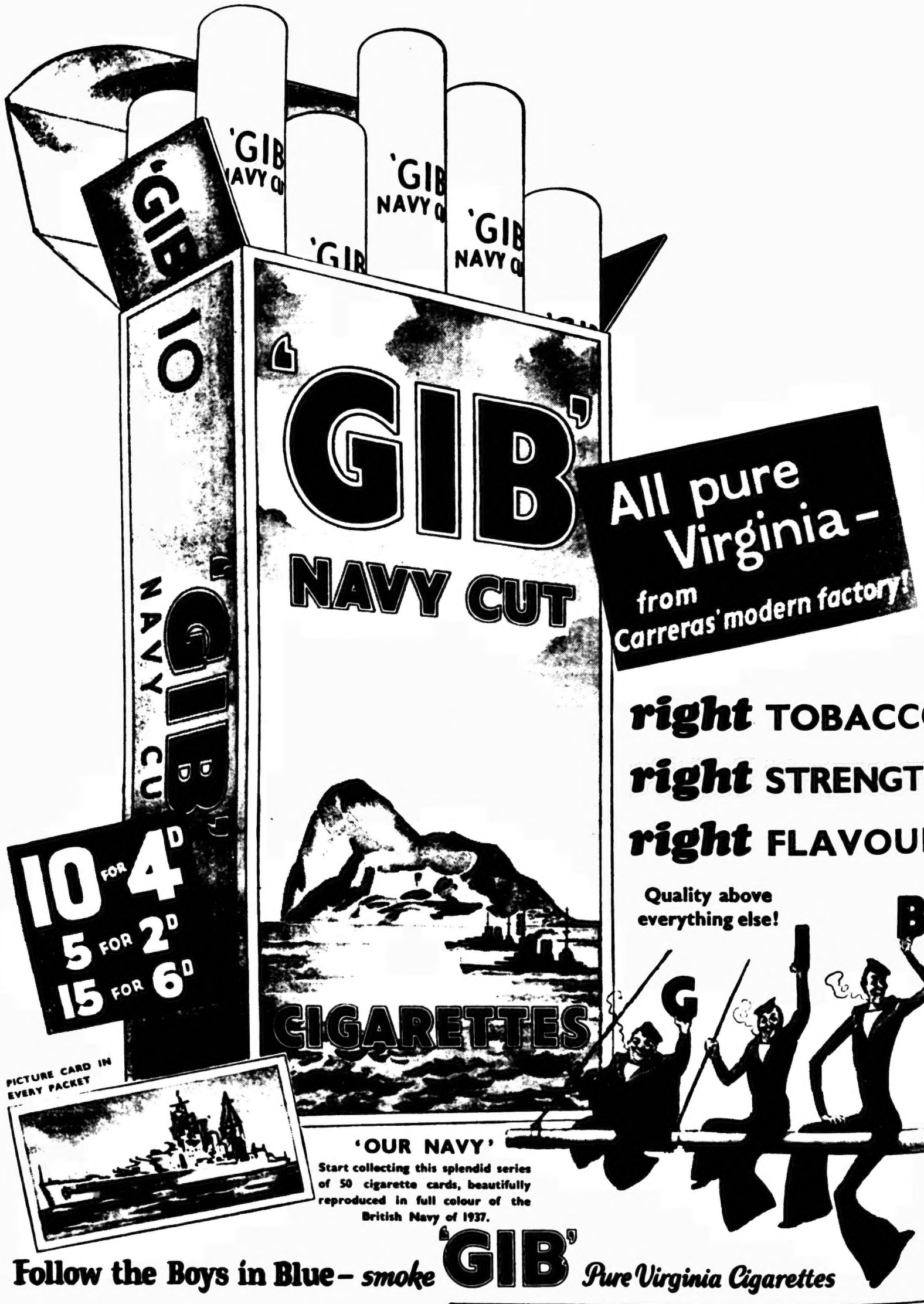
'GIB
NAVY CUT
'GIB
NAVY CUT
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NAVY CUT
10
NAVY CUT
All pure Virginia –
from Carreras' modern factory!
right TOBACCO
right STRENGTH
right FLAVOUR
Quality above everything else!
10 FOR 4D
5 FOR 2D
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Follow the Boys in Blue – smoke 'GIB' Pure Virginia Cigarettes
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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

A STREET of Wonderful FOLK

LEDBURY STREET is in South London. You may never have heard of it, for it is not one of those streets that gets into the news, though it houses some of the most important citizens of the British Empire.

Just now it is the scene of great stir and bustle, for preparations are afoot for Coronation celebrations of a most elaborate kind.

You may think there is nothing much in that, because flags and bunting are out everywhere. That is true; but let us tell you something about this particular street and the people who live in it.

Poverty and adversity are two tenants which seem to have taken up permanent residence there. Unemployment is an unwelcome guest who shows no sign of leaving.

Few of the 200 children have ever seen the sea or the English countryside. For many of them Ledbury Street, with its stark bareness, is the beginning and the end of everything.

A day the kiddies will remember, and an eye-opener for the rest of the world

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These families, who, on the face of things, might be thought to have little cause for rejoicing, are throwing themselves into the Coronation celebrations with a gusto and a sturdy independence that must surely mystify any visitor from abroad.

For, however much adversity may press upon them, they realise that they have a share in a mighty heritage. There is within them a spirit that rises superior to circumstances.

When they hang out their banners proclaiming "God Bless Our King and Queen," they are actuated by no foolish mob hysteria, but are prompted by a sincerity that is deep-rooted in our national traditions.

Nor is there any sudden impulse behind their earnest endeavour to make Ledbury Street one of the brightest of bright spots on Coronation Day. Their preparations have been going forward for months.

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Workers and unemployed alike have been saving by their pennies for a common fund to meet the cost. Mothers have been stitching feverishly at night for weeks on end, making the pennons and streamers and flags that will transform their street into a gay, festive thoroughfare.

An unemployed ex-Service man, Mr. Oscar Barker, has played a leading part as organiser. He has had no work for five years, and at this moment he is awaiting admission to a sanatorium. He served with the City of London Regiment, but has no pension.

What has he got to celebrate? Ask him, and he will wither you with a look; yet he is secretary of a committee comprised of a Smithfield butcher, a boiler fireman, and one or two others who want to make May 12 a day "that the kiddies will remember."

As there are some 200 children to be considered, their self-imposed task is no small matter. A big tea-party is planned for the whole street; there will be a Punch and Judy Show, a dancing competition, awards and prizes and gifts of Coronation mugs.

To augment the pennies gathered in as subscriptions, raffles have been organised with parcels of groceries for prizes.

By this means Ledbury Street has maintained an independence of which it is rightly proud. It is doing everything itself, without grants or assistance of any kind.

If, as all hope, there is King's weather, a huge table will be spread from one end of Ledbury Street to the other; but nothing has been left to chance, arrangements have been made for the Coronation feast to be held in a local school should there be rain.

There will be music by their own dance band, conducted by a local barber– a quartet of unemployed men, accordeon, violin, drums and trombone.

And the celebrations are to be carried over to the next day, when there will be a motor-coach trip to Windsor Castle.

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For the majority it will be the first time that they have seen a King's home, though Ledbury Street is barely three miles from Buckingham Palace. . . .

We have told the simple story of Ledbury Street at length because it is typical of streets that are to be found in many of the poorer parts of the capital or in any of the big towns or cities throughout the Kingdom.

And what a lesson such streets provide! In no other land could you match the spirit that makes such things possible.

It might chasten the Dictators of Europe if they could tour these brave little streets on Coronation Day.

For them such displays of national spirit are to be procured only by decree. Their people must be dragooned into line, issued with flags, told when to cheer. Impressive enough as a show of might, perhaps; but a solemn, meaningless business at best. Give us the spontaneous rejoicing of Ledbury Street every time!

No need to interpret the lesson of Ledbury Street. It is there, a living symbol of the spirit that has built up Britain's greatness.

But let us remember it after the tumult and the shouting and rejoicing of the present Coronation dies; let us make a national effort to banish the spectre of poverty from our Ledbury Streets for ever, as their own citizens have done in theory for Coronation Day.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Real Way to Save Mothers

A FORTNIGHT ago we told you of the magnificent work being done in a few towns by the "flying squads" which attend mothers in childbirth who are too ill to be moved to hospital.

We said there should be "flying squads" for mothers in every town.

A few days ago the Maternity Mortality Report was issued. Now Sir Kingsley Wood, your Minister of Health, is urging local authorities to enrol these flying squads of fully equipped ambulances which can take specialists and nurses to a sick mother's home within a few minutes.

Team Work

He is also emphasising the need for team work in maternity clinics, the value of a service of home help, the danger of inexperienced midwives, and other points which have been emphasised in JOHN BULL time and again.

We congratulate him on so promptly acting upon the official Report, though we regret that it should have required a long investigation to convince him of the urgency of this vital matter.

Mrs. 1937

Nor do we agree with the investigators that Mrs. 1937 is a poorer type of mother than women of the past because she slims too much, smokes too many cigarettes, and eats the wrong kind of food.

One of the biggest causes of the high maternal death rate is the fact that so many poor women do not get "the wrong kind of food."

Poverty, which implies malnutrition, bad housing—these are factors which must be remedied if child-bearing is to be made as safe as it should be.

Safer Motherhood

We all know that some middle-class women smoke too much and slim injudiciously. We also know that the black-spots of maternal mortality are found in those areas where unemployment and bad housing are prevalent.

So let us hope that Sir Kingsley Wood will carry on his good work by tackling the problem from the most obvious angle.

He Sees Red

Does fear of the wicked Bolshies keep Capt J. H. F. McEwen awake o' nights?

This Scottish M.P. thinks that if we let food ships get to Bilbao we might as well allow munition ships to get through—which is the first time we've heard of bread for hungry women and children put in the same category as bombs and shells.

Capt. McEwen, M.P.: Sees red

And he says that "as a Conservative" he would regard the triumph of the Spanish Government as a disaster.

Most Conservatives, fortunately, have no wish to see Mussolini bossing the Mediterranean or Hitler's air raiders profiting by their practice.

One M.P. like Capt. McEwen is quite enough.

Gratitude Not Enough

Unemployment still on the downgrade. Rejoice at it—if you're under forty.

If you are over, tremble at the news that the percentage of older men out of work still goes up. Two-fifths of the idle—official word, not ours—are over forty-five.

Give youth a chance, yes. But middle-aged men deserve more than gratitude.

Hard Facts to Chew

Hitler's colonial expansion boosters now have their eye on Australia. There, they say, a population one-twentieth of Germany's inhabits an area twenty times as large.

Well, let them be reminded that there were more Germans earning their living in Paris on the eve of the Great War than in the *whole* of Germany's colonies.

Women on the Warpath

Suffragettes again? Well, Miss Mary Sweet is threatening to imitate their methods unless the Government changes its mind about equal pay for equal work by men and women.

Miss Sweet is concerned for the women civil servants who are the victims of unequal pay, but the question should be raised throughout all industry.

We don't want to see women chaining themselves to the railings in Parliament Square or pulling the noses of indignant policemen. But we do want a general agitation of all women workers for this elementary right.

Sorry Business

Like Mr. Justice Goddard, we are "terribly sorry" for the seventeen-year-old motor driver who, convicted of manslaughter, has gone to jail for three months.

Mr. Justice Goddard: Terribly sorry

We are sorry, too, that boys of this age are allowed to drive.

Remember this: Children are apt to take risks, lack the ability to make instant decisions. Hence the high proportion of road accidents caused by young drivers.

Despicable

If there is honour among thieves the crooks of the community must be feeling sore over the burglary at the Cardiff Institute for the Blind.

Safes looted contained the life savings of one blind worker, the holiday funds of many others, and small sums put by for rents, rates and clothes.

Puts a strain on your faith in human nature, doesn't it?

Railways Don't Pay

Don't joke about the railway sandwich. There are some things harder.

Some of the girls who serve those notorious sandwiches get 15s. a week, long hours, no tips. Their sisters in some railway hotels get 5s. a week, with 1s. 3d. knocked off for insurance.

But what do you expect from the railways, anyway?

Kid Glove Folly

Muddle-headed conservatism shows itself once again in the new R.A.F. dress orders for foreign service. Breeches and field-boots are to be abolished in favour of shorts and stockings, but kid gloves remain compulsory even in the tropics.

And that's symbolic of Air Ministry tactics.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

For the convenience of readers—thousands of whom will be in London for the Coronation—next week's JOHN BULL will be on sale on Wednesday, May 12, instead of Thursday, May 13.

Kick these Companies

Many householders can't look pleasant when they pay up their water rates.

If the main bursts in the road outside their house, even though heavy traffic is the cause, they're expected to pay a pound or so for its repair.

The water supplied may be so hard that softeners have to be bought, pipes regularly cleaned out. Garden-hose licences are often far too dear.

Come on, you victims! Bombard your company with protests, wake up the district council, write to your local paper—get something done.

Grumble Deserved

One of the victims is a London shopkeeper, whose case has been mentioned in Parliament. He is assessed at £40 a year for water rate, though nobody lives on the premises and his staff use only one pail and a kettleful of the expensive liquid a day.

The money must go somewhere, of course. But where?

Shop Conditions

Is the law so obscure that backsliders among retail stores can continue to employ staff under disgraceful conditions of temperature, comfort, washing and lavatory facilities? It seems that way.

A Manchester firm of grocers "got away with it" the other day. Salford's stipendiary magistrate, Mr. Percy Macbeth, said the law wasn't clear on the matter.

The interests of all (except bad employers) demand that the law should be made crystal clear at once.

Putting the Clock Back

Some farmers not only refuse to employ trade unionists, but are going to other farmers and saying, "So and-so belongs to the union. Sack him."

The National Farmers' Union, we're glad to say, deplores such methods. We hear of a Leicester farmer who, told that one of his labourers was a union member, said "Glad to hear it. I belong to my own association."

But what we want is intimidation of the employers who practise intimidation.

They Fell for It

Don't wonder why John Webber, a South London trader, smiled when he paid a 10s. fine for obstruction.

You see, he had his Saturday's takings in the car and was worried about them. So he left the car where he knew the police would keep their eyes on it. They did—and, after all, 10s. is cheap for a special police guard.

But we doubt if the constable sees the joke.

Apprehending Adams

You can forget the warning we gave you in February to "Avoid Artful Adams."

When this trickster appeared before Hastings magistrates last week the police had a copy of our warning—and he went to jail for twelve months.

Lightening his Pocket

Another public nuisance who has met with a setback in the last few days is Edward Donallon, described in court as a "persistent fraudulent share dealer." He's been fined £75 under the Business Names Act.

Donallon is connected with the Sovereign Film Corporation, against which we warned you a month ago.

Herald of Reform

Praise the Admiralty, War Office and Post Office. Three firms who make uniforms for them refused to give employees a paid summer holiday.

The trade union appealed to t[he] Government Departments now [that] workers are to get their paid holiday a week in August with £1 for girls a[nd] £2 for men.

Another herald of the general refor[m] which is surely coming.

They've Heard of Him

We're mildly interested to see in [a] provincial newspaper an account of [the] arrival at Sidmouth of "Mr. Geor[ge] Bernard Shaw, the famous novelist."

Maybe Mr. Shaw will try his hand [at] writing a play while he's there.

Muzzled Men

For men and women to be muzzl[ed] like dogs all day is, so far, the on[ly] available cure [for] dust and oth[er] factory dange[rs]. That respirat[or] are uncomfortab[le] interfere w[ith] movement, and on, cannot denied.

Mr. W. J. Orr: Wants workers

So we comme[nd] Lancashire cot[ton] operatives for [re]fusing to w[ear] them. They s[ay] that dust sho[uld] be taken out raw cotton, th[e] factories and mi[lls] should be prope[rly] ventilated.

Mr. W. J. O[rr], chairman of La[n]cashire Cotton C[or]poration, mig[ht] remember that when next he lame[nts] the "labour shortage" in the cot[ton] trade and objects to new industries be[ing] started in his county.

Did You Win?

The result of our "Headings" Co[m]petition No. 3 appears on page 38. T[he] week's two big prize opportunities, [in]cluding cash totalling over £1,500, [are] on pages 36 and 39.

Justice Slips Again

Because of a mistake by the Middl[e]brough magistrate's clerk, a sold[ier] charged with being drunk in charge [of] a car had to be discharged before [the] defence was heard.

That being so, it was surely a wo[nd]erful slip for the magistrate to tell [the] defendant not to do it again, and ad[d] "Probably I should have imposed a s[u]bstantial fine."

Body-Snatchers

Still prevalent is the disgusting pr[ac]tice of touting by some undertakers.

These ghoulish people pester the gr[ief]stricken and use the opportunity to [get] excessive funeral fees. They are parti[cu]larly active in the case of death by str[eet] accidents, as Mr. J. P. Collins, a Card[iff] councillor, has pointed out.

When will such shameful activities [be] stamped out?

KNOCK-OUTS

Professor Jessop: "This is an age t[hat] exists for the flattery of youth." *How true! There is even one reasonable young man in the Government.*

* * *

Dr. F. A. Belam: "A laugh a d[ay] keeps illness away." *Most women f[ind] it easier to eat an apple on washing d[ay].*

* * *

Mr. F. J. Edlmann: "We might w[ell] well thank God we have a Nation[al] Government." *No, for party politics should have no place in our prayers.*

* * *

Richard Tauber: "I have fou[nd] happiness in England." *And made [us] happy, too.*

* * *

General Franco: "Guernica [was] destroyed by the Red hordes. Our [air]craft did not fly that day." *Bluster denials will not excuse your share responsibility for worst air horror [ever] known.*

The CORONATION and YOU

by A. G. Gardiner

NEXT Wednesday the eyes of the world will be focused on London, and wherever throughout the earth the English language is spoken, from Vancouver to Melbourne and from the Hebrides to Cape Town, the hearts of men will be united in a common emotion and a common aspiration.

What is the emotion and what is the aspiration?

There have been many memorable Coronations in the noble Abbey by the Thames since that Christmas Day nearly a thousand years ago when William the Conqueror assumed the crown which he had snatched so violently, and when his barons, alarmed by noises without, rushed forth and put the populace to flight and burned the adjacent houses.

But there has never been a Coronation of deeper significance than that which the nation is about to solemnise.

It comes in circumstances so unprecedented and painful that in other times or in other lands they would have shaken the State to its foundations and plunged the ceremony itself into a conflict of passions.

I shall not dwell upon those circumstances here. They are familiar to all and may be left to the scavengers of the Press. It is necessary to remind ourselves of them only in order to understand that deep significance to which I refer.

For the Coronation is not merely uninterrupted by them: it has in a very real sense become charged with a new dignity and meaning by them. The ceremony that was originally organised for one King is about to be consummated for another.

The highest office in the State has passed from one monarch to another without the intervention of death, without public disorder, without even the change of a day in the august ceremonial that confirms the accession.

No parallel to this remarkable happening has ever occurred before in the long history of the British monarchy. Kings have been dethroned in the past, but they have been dethroned by violence, by the conspiracies of rivals, by the arbitrament of war, by great and prolonged national strife.

But next Wednesday the crown destined for the head of Edward VIII will be placed on the head of George VI without a murmur of dissent, with the assent of the dispossessed King himself and with the approbation of the whole nation.

A week of stress and agitation last December, and the transition was made, decently, quietly, constitutionally and without so much as a broken head.

This, I repeat, is an event of the deepest significance. That significance is increased by the fact that the late King was and is personally popular with the people.

He had won their affections by a debonair grace that was all his own and by long years of devoted service to the best interests of the State. His accession was welcomed and his departure was deplored.

In other, and not very remote, days the clash that led to his fall would have left him unscathed. The private and matrimonial affairs of many of our monarchs make a shady chapter in our history. We cannot conceive Henry VIII or Charles II, or even so late a monarch as George IV, losing his crown over a question of a lady.

"They symbolise our freedom"

But neither can we conceive that those monarchs would be tolerated on the throne to-day. Any one of them would convert this country into a Republic out of hand.

For the meaning of the drama that culminates with the Coronation is that the whole status of the monarchy has changed. The change has come gradually, as most changes happily come in this deliberate and sensible country.

We had a rather hectic time with our monarchy in the seventeenth century. A good deal of blood was spilt, and the last war in England was waged to decide whether the King or the people was top-dog in the State.

1688 settled that issue finally, but it took two centuries more to consolidate the position and to define the place of the monarch in our constitutional system. Not until the memorable reign of George V was the change in our sovereignty fully realised, and the Silver Jubilee of that much-loved monarch, which still lives fresh in our memories, put the signature upon the change.

The essence of that change is that the King reigns, but the people govern. We have won our freedom without sacrificing our monarchy.

The despotic personal power, which Charles I lost his head to retain and James II lost his crown to revive, has gone for ever. George III made disastrous attempts to recover it, and even the glorious reign of Victoria reminded us in some of its phases that the passion for personal power was not quite dead in our monarchy.

It is dead now, past all resurrection, and the Coronation of George VI next Wednesday signifies the fact to the whole world. For he will be crowned in virtue of the fact that his brother, on a question intimately affecting the succession to the Throne, could not accept the advice of his Ministers.

That is why the event we are about to celebrate has so unique a significance in the long and illustrious story of the Coronation ceremony.

It is not the personality of the monarch that commands our first loyalty. It is the institution of the constitutional monarchy that, as a democratic people, is the ark of our covenant.

And there is another aspect that makes the Coronation memorable, not merely to us, but still more to the outside world. We are living through days of vast, almost cosmic, change. In no direction is that change more active than in the sphere of human government.

The liberal philosophy of representative government, starting with the impulse of our own Reform Bill a hundred years ago, seemed destined to conquer the earth.

Parliamentary institutions, generally coupled, it is true, with more or less despotic monarchy, sprang up here, there and everywhere—in Germany, in Italy, even in Russia and far-off Japan and China.

The emancipation of peoples from the tyranny of personal government was the note of the nineteenth century. It seemed no vain dream that the theory of personal liberty based on democratic institutions was the inevitable goal of human society.

The war has changed all that. In wrecking the world structure it has diverted the whole stream of tendency into new channels. Liberty has perished or is perishing everywhere. The hereditary despots have gone, but the dictators have taken their place. And they are exercising their power with a ruthlessness that the despots had long ceased to show. From the Rhine to the Sea of Japan and from the Baltic to the Black Sea hardly a vestige of freedom—personal, social, political, religious—is left.

Not even the shadow of Parliamentary institutions remains, and the peoples are enslaved in thought and action as they have not been enslaved since the dark ages.

Almost alone among the great nations, the English-speaking peoples preserve the forms and substance of liberty, together with France, which trembles in the balance, and the group of small but stalwart Scandinavian Powers.

The issue of tyranny versus freedom, of dictatorship versus democracy, is the issue of the twentieth century. And it is not too much to say that the cause of freedom on the earth depends on the steadfastness with which the British Commonwealth of Nations preserve their magnificent heritage of liberty and self-government in the face of the great reaction which has swept over the world.

It is because of this that the Coronation next week will have a significance far beyond these islands and the Dominions linked with them by the crown.

Wherever there is a people oppressed by tyrants and wherever the passion of liberty still glows in the hearts of men, there will be gratitude that freedom has not perished from the earth and faith that under the inspiration of our liberal institutions embodied in our constitutional monarchy it will be born again in those countries from which it has been banished.

For ourselves the occasion will be one for deep thanksgiving that

> "Time, and the ocean and some fostering star,
> In high cabal, have made us what we are."

coupled with the aspiration that the new King and Queen, who symbolise our freedom, will long be preserved to reign, "happy and glorious," over a free and self-governing people

Exclusive Informations Directed by Sir Wyndham Childs

ASTONISHING CASE OF IRIS WILLIAMS

UNTIL a few weeks ago a pretty North Country girl, twenty-two years of age, walked about the wards of Bury Infirmary, Lancashire, with a cheery word for the sick and a happy smile for her comrades on the staff.

She was Miss Iris Williams, whose father lives at Milton Street, Middlesbrough, and she is described by her fellow-workers as one of the most popular maids who ever worked at the Bury Infirmary.

A visit one night to a Bury cinema was to alter the young woman's whole life. An influenza epidemic was prevalent in the town and Iris contracted the complaint. She was placed in an isolation ward of the hospital where she was employed.

Iris has a sister named Irene, who is also a member of the staff at Bury Infirmary. On the first day of her sister's illness Irene was told by the matron that Iris was to be moved to another institution for treatment.

* * *

For a few hours Iris was kept in an ordinary ward at the other hospital. But when her sister visited her two days later she was astounded to learn that she had been transferred to a department of the institution reserved for mental patients.

Except for the high temperature of the influenza, Irene saw nothing wrong with her sister, who asked that her father in Middlesbrough should be sent for at once.

But Irene did not communicate at once with her father or any other member of the family. She was instructed by one of the hospital officials not to do so.

The first news that the family in Middlesbrough actually received about Iris was when the postman brought a letter to them from the Public Assistance Committee of Bury requiring them to contribute to her maintenance in the mental department of the hospital!

As soon as he recovered from the shock of the announcement made to him in this extraordinary manner, the father and one of his sons rushed to Bury to visit Iris.

Apart from the ordinary effects of influenza, they, too, could see nothing wrong with Iris. She told them that she had not the slightest knowledge why she had been placed in the mental ward among epileptic and insane patients. Her speech was normal and sensible, and she assured them that, except for the influenza debility, there was nothing the matter with her.

* * *

Mr. Williams demanded an explanation from the hospital authorities, but none was given. He and his son are people in humble circumstances, and as they could not afford the expense of staying on in Bury they left future investigation to the sister, Irene, and returned to their home in Middlesbrough.

Irene telephoned a number of times from the hospital where she is employed to the institution where Iris was detained, but could get no satisfactory news.

Two days later she demanded by telephone that permission should be given to her to see her sister immediately.

Then she was given the staggering news that Iris, without consultation with any member of her family, had been removed to a public lunatic asylum near Preston.

No information at all can be obtained by any of the young woman's relatives, and explanation is refused to them as to why Iris was not taken to a hospital near her home at Middlesbrough instead of to an asylum at Preston, as could have been arranged without any difficulty.

Few persons can ever have been cast into an asylum with the speed and secrecy manifest in this extraordinary case of Iris Williams.

We relate the facts because publicity alone is likely to force an official enquiry.

Irene and Iris Williams, chief figures in the hospitals drama

AMAZING SENTENCES AT SECRET NIGHT COURT

THE most extraordinary sentences ever passed by a British court have just been imposed at Exmouth, Devon.

Two seventeen-year-old girls were charged with no more than being absent without leave from private houses where they were employed ds servants on licence from a training school.

They were sentenced to two years' Borstal detention and taken to Exeter Prison.

Both had completely clean records.

The court sat at night. No intimation was given that it was to be held. The Press was not informed and no representatives were present.

"John Bull" has learned of the astounding proceedings largely by accident and is presenting the facts to the Home Office.

When Justice Nods

ADMINISTRATION of justice in London's police courts has always been a model for the country. Year follows year without the verdicts of the stipendiary magistrates ever being challenged.

We cannot, however, allow a case which has just been dealt with at Clerkenwell to pass without comment.

It is one to which the Home Secretary should give his attention, so that an unjustified stain on an honest man's character may be removed.

He is a very humble man who has neither the means nor the ability to have matters put right by himself.

His name is Charles Anthony, and he is in business in a small way as a coal dealer at Shepperton Road, Islington.

An ex-soldier, Anthony has for many years held the respect of customers and wholesalers for straight dealing.

A few days ago he delivered some coal to a woman customer who mentioned that she had two coal bags which had been left by a previous occupier of the house, and which had been lying in her backyard for a year.

Mr. Charles Anthony, man of spotless record

She asked Anthony to take them away and he did so.

The two empty sacks were reposing on Anthony's cart when a representative of a rival coal firm saw and recognised them as belonging to his employers.

He called a constable and Anthony was taken to a police station, where he was charged with being in unlawful possession of the two bags, required to give his finger-prints, and placed in a cell.

It is remarkable that this prosecution was ever entertained. It is a well-known fact in the coal trade that almost every cart and trolley in the streets has "mixed" sacks. The traders exchange them as best they can.

But Anthony was put in the dock—on his fiftieth birthday. "Please, sir," he said to the magistrates, "this is the first time I have ever been in a place like this. I didn't know I was doing wrong in taking the sacks from the lady. I'd have thrown them across to one of the owner's trolleys as soon as I could. Never been in trouble in my life, sir."

The woman who gave the bags to Anthony was called as a witness, and she recited the facts to the court.

A police officer came forward and stated that the man had an absolutely clean record.

All the rest of the evidence was also in Anthony's favour. But the magistrate decided to convict him—and fined him £4.

A fine of this amount is an extremely heavy penalty on a man in Anthony's humble position, and if he cannot pay it he will have to go to jail.

He should not be made to pay. His blameless career in the Army and in civil life has been smirched by the conviction, which we look to the Home Secretary to erase without more ado.

Big Betting Fraud Exposed

THERE were queer happenings in the betting-ring at the Guineas Meeting at Newmarket Races last week.

The attention of regular racegoers was attracted by the appearance of a hitherto unknown bookmaker whose stand and betting-cards identified him as an individual named Herbert Paynter.

The curious thing to the eye of the practised and professional frequenter of the racecourse was that, although Paynter called the odds in race after race, he appeared very shy in accepting even the smallest bets from ordinary backers.

Indeed, it was observed that he took bets only from one person throughout the meeting. They were all substantial investments—and all of them were winning ones for the backer.

There has been a good deal of speculation in Turf circles as to the solution of the mystery of Paynter's betting business with a solitary client.

JOHN BULL can explain.

Culmination

Paynter is a rogue, and the police ought not to lose time in bringing him into captivity. We are certain that when they do so a long term of imprisonment will be imposed on him.

This crook's activities at Newmarket were only the culmination of a long series of frauds which he has been perpetrating on people far across the country.

A few weeks ago, our investigations shows, Paynter was advertising for partners in a racecourse betting firm which was represented to have been in existence for nearly fifty years.

Actually, there has never been any business at all—except for five or six days recently when Paynter rented an office in Shaftesbury Avenue, London, for one week.

There he interviewed the dupes who were induced to respond to his advertisements for investors and partners. He produced ledgers to them showing the profits for a number of years of successful bookmaking—but these were, of course, complete fabrications.

It is known that in two days Paynter robbed at least five people of sums from £250 to £500 each. He represented to them that he would commence business on the racecourse for the first time in the flat-racing season at Newmarket.

The Accomplice

Of course, he did attend Newmarket. And now the people who entrusted him with their money have learned that it was all lost because the backers made such a large number of winning bets.

But, as pointed out, there was only one client. His name, we can reveal, is Henry Meredith. He is an accomplice in the fraud and has been associated with Paynter in many Turf swindles for at least three years.

This is the first occasion, however, on which this couple have ever cheated investors by means of a supposed racecourse betting business. Previously they practised the swindle in connection with fictitious starting-price bookmakers' offices in many parts of the country.

Scores of people have been heavily victimised by these bogus operations.

The French police, we know, anxiously desire an interview with both Paynter and Meredith.

They carried out a series of wholesale frauds on the racecourses at Cannes, Longchamps, and St. Cloud by foisting forged winning vouchers on the pari-mutuel betting organisation.

Thrice-Arrested Soldier

GRAVE ARMY SCANDAL

Charles Williams (right) Mr. Duff Cooper, in evening dress, who must explain

NO more amazing story of the treatment of a British soldier has ever had to be related than this one.

It is so brimful of extraordinary happenings that the narration of it surely will not fail to command the personal attention of the Secretary for War.

The astonishing events contained in it concern a nineteen-year-old soldier named Charles Williams, whose parents reside at Blundell Road, Leagrave, Luton, Bedfordshire.

Three years ago Williams was a messenger at Bexhill-on-Sea. While cycling along the promenade one day, he saw a man in difficulties in a rough sea.

The boy jumped off his bicycle, ran across the beach, swam out a hundred yards and, after a fierce struggle, was able to bring the bather to the shore.

Young Williams's body was much lacerated by his rescue work, and he had to be taken home for medical treatment.

He lost his employment because he was incapable for a few days.

The youth's heroism was recognised by the award of the parchment of the Royal Humane Society, which was presented to him by Lord de la Warr at a public ceremony. But the boy was so disgusted at having been sacked from his job that he decided to join the Army.

He enlisted in the Buffs (East Kent Regiment) and become a splendid soldier.

He won trophies for boxing and shooting, among other things, and, as the smartest soldier, was appointed orderly to his commanding officer.

But Williams has a serious defect in his speech. In consequence of an air-raid when he was a baby, he stutters badly from the nervous shock.

After two years' service with the Buffs, it was explained to him, when the impediment showed no sign of disappearing, that his speech defect might have serious results for his comrades if he was ever on sentry duty on active service. So the boy consented to his discharge from the Army.

He Re-enlists

No work was available for him, however, when he returned to his home at Luton. His speech was then improving, so he decided to join the Army again.

This time he was accepted for service with the Devon Regiment. But in re-enlisting he concealed the fact of his previous service with the Buffs.

As soon as he joined the depôt of the Devon Regiment, Williams was conscience-stricken by his omission to divulge his earlier Army record, and he confessed immediately.

Williams could easily have been dealt with by the military authorities there and then. Instead, he was handed over to the civil power and was brought up at Exeter police court on a charge of having made a false declaration on enlistment.

The Chief Constable of Exeter emphasised to the court that, when he served with the Buffs, Williams had been given the character of a very good, trustworthy, hard-working soldier of the best type, who was cheerful, intelligent, honest, clean and sober.

But, the Chief Constable added, he could not be kept in the Army because of his stutter, and would again be quickly discharged on medical grounds.

In these circumstances the magistrates dismissed the charge.

The lad immediately went back to his depot, the adjutant of which then sent a letter to his father stating that he would be discharged in the next few days on medical grounds.

Within a week the boy did arrive home. He told his parents that since the day he joined the Devons and made his confession about concealing his previous service, he had been given no uniform and had now been formally discharged again because of his stutter.

Technically, this was not correct. The boy had only supposed his discharge had gone through and he had left his regiment without the formalities having been completed.

Williams had been at home only a few days when a police van drew up at his father's house. A party of police officers emerged and produced a warrant for his arrest on a charge of being absent from his regiment without leave.

His mother showed the adjutant's letter about his imminent discharge to the police officers, but they stated that their orders were to take him into custody. Williams was taken away in the van to the police station.

Next day the lad was put in the dock at Luton, charged with being an absentee from his regiment.

When the magistrates heard the facts they were astounded, and a police inspector explained that the youth had been arrested only on the instructions of the military authorities.

The magistrates commented on the waste of public money and, giving the decision of the Bench to dismiss the charge, the chairman remarked: "If the Army is so dilatory in its methods and treats a man in this way, my decision is to dismiss him and let him go home."

So young Williams returned home.

But only for a few hours.

Arrested Again

The Chief Constable of Luton sent for his father, told him that he had reported the result of the prosecution to the Army authorities—and they had ordered that the boy should be re-arrested!

To avoid the indignity of police officers again calling at his home to take him into custody, the lad gave his word of honour that he would return at once to his regiment. The police agreed.

But the military authorities said "No." They ordered that he should be placed under arrest again and be detained by the police until an escort could be sent.

Notwithstanding the decision of the magistrates, he was again taken into custody and put in a cell.

Now Williams has been taken back to his regiment and within a few hours of his arrival has been given a seven days sentence for absenting himself without leave—on the very charge which the magistrates refused to entertain.

And when he completes this sentence the young man—who was only driven to join the Army in consequence of the bad reward for his heroism—will automatically be discharged from the Service again because of his stutter.

Of course, he should have been discharged and sent home long ago. These arrests, police-court appearances, and his subsequent sentence by the Army were all unnecessary and are a travesty both of administration and justice.

There can never have been a worse case of maladministration and of cruel and blundering treatment of any soldier.

The facts, as described, will so stun the public that the Secretary for War cannot possibly avoid ordering a stringent investigation and giving a public explanation.

Captive Baby Mystery

THE lunacy system of Britain is so stained that it would be difficult for any case to make it blacker.

The fault does not lie with the central control of the asylums organisation in London, but mainly with the methods of local administration.

All the tragic record of the system passes into insignificance, however, in the light of a discovery which JOHN BULL has just made.

In a public lunatic asylum at Carmarthen we have found that one of the patients is a three-year-old girl.

Day and night the child is in the company of insane adult people.

How did she come to be there?

Our investigation reveals that her mother died about nine months ago, and the baby was taken from the home of her father—Mr. Lewis Evans, of Emma Street, Llanelly—in the next few days.

She was actually certified as being of unsound mind and the asylum authorities admitted her under a magistrate's order.

By what methods a baby of two years could be held to be insane passes understanding.

It might have been thought that the local authority would at least have taken some action to have the child boarded out instead of detaining her all this time in a lunatic asylum where all the other patients are men and women of advanced years.

It is pleaded on their behalf that they are encumbered by red tape, and regulations prohibit them from doing so because the little girl has one parent alive.

Mr. H. V. Watkins, a member of the Carmarthenshire Public Assistance Committee, describes to JOHN BULL the detention of the infant in the asylum as "one of the greatest disgraces in Great Britain."

Our readers will not suggest that he is exaggerating the position.

On behalf of the asylum authorities, it is stated that the adult inmates have helped largely to train the child!

Ordinary people will shudder to think of what "training" has been given to a child of such tender years by adult lunatics.

And the asylum officials also state that "many tears will be shed if ever she leaves us."

* * *

We imagine that the public, anyhow, will rejoice when it is announced that this scandal has ceased and the baby girl removed from the deplorable surroundings in which she is detained.

STRICKEN FAMILY OF ELEVEN

AN urgent duty devolves on the Minister of Health to send a mission of investigation to South Wales without delay to obtain information about hospital conditions there.

A family of eleven persons has been stricken by diphtheria within a few days. One has died and others are in a critical condition.

There have been no other cases of diphtheria in the district, and it is supposed, therefore, that the members of the unfortunate family all contracted the disease immediately after one of them was sent home from an isolation hospital where he had been under treatment for measles.

This grave suspicion rests on one of the most modern hospitals in the country, which was built at Port Talbot a few years ago at big expense, and which serves the Neath as well as the Port Talbot neighbourhood.

* * *

The three-year-old son of Mr. Ernest Baker, of Chapel House, Margam, near Port Talbot, was admitted to this hospital some weeks ago suffering from measles, and, after treatment, was sent home certified as being free of all disease.

In less than a week, however, the child and his mother were both found to be seriously ill with diphtheria and were removed to hospital.

Next day the father was taken to hospital, and in only a few hours all the other eight children had to be sent to the institution, where Mr. Baker and his two sons lay in one ward, and the mother and seven daughters in another.

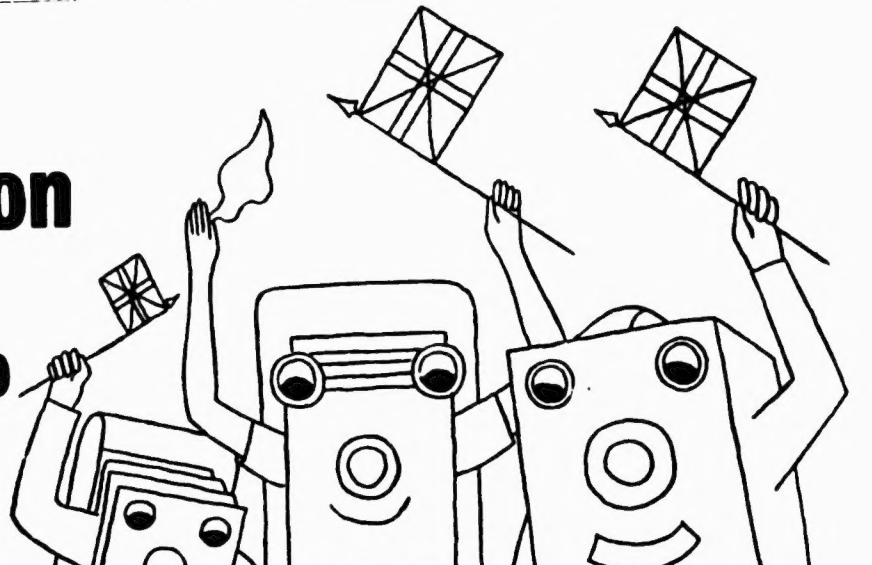
One of the boys has died in the next bed to his father, who had the ordeal of lying helpless while watching the child expire.

As there has been no further outbreak of diphtheria in the locality, it can only be presumed that the three-year-old child carried out the disease with him from the isolation hospital in which he had been a measles patient.

So far, even the local authority has not taken official notice of this extraordinary happening, or given any indication that steps are to be taken to prevent a recurrence.

It is for this reason that JOHN BULL makes the facts publicly known, in the hope that the Minister of Health will see good reason for quick action.

Will it be fine on Coronation Day?



We don't know

BUT

whether it's wet or fine

we can still get clear and perfect snaps by using the right exposures and one of the Selo films made for every make and size of camera. Here are a few hints which will be useful. They're out of the Selo Coronation Booklet—obtainable free on request from every photographic dealer. Get a copy next time you buy a film, and keep it by you, handy.

If the sun shines

Give a normal snapshot exposure between 9.0 a.m. and 6.0 p.m.

If the subject is on the shady side of the street it would be better to give more exposure (by using a larger lens opening or by giving a *very short* time exposure). If you are using one of the " better class " Selo Films — Selochrome, Selo Fine Grain Panchromatic or Selo Hypersensitive Panchromatic — there is enough speed to give you a good picture without bothering to do this. If you want to take your subject against the light, shield the lens from direct sunshine but do not let the shield obscure part of the picture.

If it is dull or raining

Give about six times the exposure you would give in sunshine. With a simple camera you can do this by giving the shortest possible time exposure—about 1/4 or 1/3 second. Rest the camera on a firm support to do this (a wall or railing will do). You cannot hold it steadily enough in the hand.

Some movement may show in the picture, but it should not be enough to spoil it.

Rain, unless exceptionally heavy, is not likely to show in the picture, but keep the lens free from raindrops.

Hold your camera quite still, and *don't jerk the shutter lever.*

Some general suggestions

Wind on the film directly after each snap. If you are in doubt, wind on — it's better to waste one exposure than spoil two pictures.

Load and unload your camera in the shade — your own shadow will do quite well.

If you have a focussing camera set it to " 25 feet " for street scenes. This makes it to all intents and purposes a fixed focus camera. Re-focus for close-ups.

If your subject is moving, you reduce the risk of blurring by taking it either approaching the camera or retreating from it. All the same, you can get plenty of excellent snaps " broadside on " to the procession.

And for night photography remember . . .

Use Selo Hypersensitive Panchromatic Film. Its speed and colour sensitivity are essential for night subjects.

For white floodlit scenes the following are your exposure guides. The aperture for each is F/11.

Admiralty Arch	5 secs.
Big Ben	60 secs.
National Gallery	30 secs.
Buckingham Palace	5 secs.

For coloured floodlighting you should allow four times as much exposure at F/11 as for white floodlighting.

Street illuminations and Neon signs require from 2 to 30 secs. exposure at F/11.

use SELO films

THE POWER BEHIND THE LENS

BRITISH MADE BY ILFORD LIMITED

When you buy your next film ask your dealer for the Selo Coronation Booklet or write to Ilford Limited, Ilford.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

YOU'RE TOO LATE, BISHOP!

Appeal You Must Heed—Night Club Infamy—Employer to Praise

DEAR DR. GUY WARMAN,—Of course, I am gratified to see that you, in your august capacity as Bishop of Manchester, are lending your support to the Marriage Bill.

You have even told a conference that the present state of the marriage laws is "little short of disgraceful."

Such a declaration, coming from a prelate of the Church, is welcome. But have you not left it rather late?

I pass you this not in any carping spirit. I am genuinely glad to find a bishop wanting to "make our marriages happier than they sometimes are."

But why has the Church been so silent on this imperatively important subject for years?

Why has it waited until a great mass of public opinion has demanded reform, and a Bill for this purpose has been introduced into Parliament and whittled down to a milk-and-water measure?

In a word, why does the Church follow tamely in the rear of public opinion instead of leading it?

If you ponder this question you will, I think, understand why so many parsons are lamenting the spectacle of empty pews.

* * *

Frankly, the Church has a bad record in the realm of social service. It was the Church, through its representatives in the House of Lords, which opposed the abolition of slavery.

The bishops, too, fought the introduction of popular education, did nothing to help the children of four and five who slaved in the mines, expressed no sympathy with the victims of the Hungry Forties.

Now, sometimes, a bishop as liberal minded as yourself will openly deplore such social evils as slums, starvation wages, and marriage laws that are a direct cause of misery and immorality.

And still—need I tell you?—there are bishops who refuse to allow the innocent parties in divorce cases to be married, who frown upon any reform that makes for better lives and a happier Britain.

I am not, you must know, antagonistic to the Church. I want to see it playing its rightful part in this country's affairs. I want to see it, not merely preaching the ideals of its Master, but fighting for their realisation. And fighting in the van not in the rear.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN,
Prime Minister

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—All Britain, I hope, will listen to your broadcast appeal on Sunday night. And may you be overwhelmed with donations for the British Legion Pension Fund and King George's Jubilee Trust.

For these two funds are devoted to the welfare of those upon whom we have depended in the past and those upon whom we shall depend in the future.

As you know, I have always been the champion of ex-Servicemen, and have worked unceasingly for their pension rights. I believe the Legion Fund, which helps those prematurely aged by war experiences, is particularly worthy of support.

And the Jubilee Trust, devoted to the welfare of the young, surely is the concern of us all.

Yes, may you cause the postmen to work overtime during the next few days.—JOHN BULL.

BRITAIN'S SONS OF THE SEA,
Blockade Runners

DEAR BULLDOGS.—

In spite of the ban
Which our Government tried to impose,
To Bilbao you gallantly ran
And enraged all Democracy's foes.
But when Diehards created a din—
Cursing you in their angry despair
After thinking you'd have to give in—
They'd forgotten that sailors don't care!—JOHN BULL.

Councillor G. M. NELSON,
Mayor of Warwick

YOUR WORSHIP,—The other week I asked you for referring to motorists as "criminals." You talked facetiously of driving them out of the county by "persecution or prosecution."

And now your wife has been fined for speeding!

Sorry you jested?—JOHN BULL.

Better late than never, Bishop—but better early than late!

Sir JOHN SIMON,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Little girls of ten and eleven, scantily clad, are being exploited as cabaret performers in scores of disreputable night clubs. Recent court cases have revealed scandalous conditions.

On the other hand, talented child actors are not allowed to appear in British films.

Now, can't your brilliant legal mind unravel the tangle of the existing regulations?—JOHN BULL.

Canon MICHAEL WILSON,
Chelmsford, R.C. Priest

DEAR CANON,—But for your intervention, I am told, a home would have been broken up because of a misunderstanding due to the arrival of a birth control circular.

Still more serious, I think, is the harm that may be done to very young people by these unsealed circulars, many of which are offensively worded.

Obviously it should be made illegal to send them unsolicited and in open envelopes.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. C. USHER,
Aberdare

DEAR MR. USHER,—After seeing the plight of the people of Cowlais, you vowed to carry some sunshine into South Wales by bringing in a new commercial undertaking.

Now you are discharging the vow by starting a factory at Aberdare which will provide work for 500 people before the end of the year.

All honour to you as one who cannot pass misery by with merely a shrug or a sigh.—JOHN BULL.

Lord LEVERHULME,
Business Magnate

DEAR LORD LEVERHULME,—Thanks for the story of the man who, ordering two Coronation seats advertised at 30s. each, received for his money a parcel containing two camp stools.

Of course, it's just a new variant of an old trick. One man made a small fortune by advertising a device to "cut your gas bill in half." It was a cheap pair of scissors.

Then there was the fellow who sold a "guaranteed non-collapsible coat-hanger"—an ordinary four-inch nail. And quite a few others who, since their description of the goods was correct, were immune from prosecution!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. BASIL HENRIQUES,
Bernhard Baron Settlement, London

DEAR SIR,—I dare say you know boys better than most politicians, and in your view the physical training campaign is all "hot air."

But it doesn't take an expert to see your point that the Government should first reduce the long hours of child labour and give our youngsters real leisure instead of trying to crowd physical jerks into their already overcrowded lives. And Lord Baden Powell has been talking in the same vein.

The whole campaign bores you. It annoys me.—JOHN BULL.

Viscount SANKEY,
Voluntary Hospitals Committee

DEAR LORD SANKEY,—Your report makes gloomy reading, for it shows the appalling muddle into which the voluntary hospital system has drifted.

I suppose you are right in declaring that, if the system is to survive, it will only be through regional reorganisation to avoid having waiting lists at some hospitals and empty beds at others.

But I doubt if this will avoid the scandalous cases of neglect and carelessness—many of which result in a patient's death—which I so frequently have to expose.—JOHN BULL.

Lord HEWART,
Lord Chief Justice

MY LORD,—Since the increase in juvenile crime is prompting so many threats of "sterner measures," I particularly welcome your demand that young offenders should be saved from jail.

Birching and imprisonment won't reduce the number of young offenders. Rather will they turn youngsters into persistent criminals.

But 'ar too many of our "treat 'em rough" magistrates refuse to consider the evidence by which this fact has been proved.—JOHN BULL.

MUSSOLINI: Will believe "Italians most intelligent people in world" when they think for themselves instead of believing what you choose to tell them.—JOHN BULL.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY COUNCIL: Saving money on dental services means Cumberland men can't enlist because of bad teeth. And fools say we want conscription!—JOHN BULL.

TAXIMEN TICKED OFF

From Our Very Special Investigator

I AM not, I trust, unduly fussy as regards dress and personal appearance. When I encounter a fellow-citizen wearing a necktie in which no fella who knows what is undoubtedly what would be seen dead, I take a charitable view of the matter, assuming (*a*) he is doing it for a bet, (*b*) he is married and has lately had a birthday.

All the same, there are limits, are there not? I mean to say, take some of London's taximen Perhaps though, you would rather not take them, and honestly I can't blame you! For having just concluded an investigation into their sartorial and tonsorial eccentricities, I am firmly of opinion that Something Must Be Done.

* * *

SAID investigation was undertaken after reading an article in the taximen's own journal, the *Green Badge*, suggesting that some men at the wheel are not quaite what South Kensington has a right to expect. Hundreds of drivers, the writer complains, "pay not the slightest regard to their personal appearance."

As a casual user of taxis, the chief impression of their drivers I had formed prior to my very special investigation was that, as a class, they are shockingly overdressed. In the best cabmen's shelters a driver content with one overcoat, an orphan muffler and a single pair of gloves is looked upon as a disciple of nudism.

Any taximan who considers himself worthy of a tip favours several of each of these garments, besides a couple of woolly vests and a series of miscellaneous swathings which involve him in a laborious strip-tease act before he can provide a client with change.

He's no nudist

But the *Green Badge* is not concerned with the taximan who is, so to speak, a padded sell. It is not at all perturbed when he looks like a compromise between an Eskimo air ace and somebody's Egyptian mummy. But what it simply can't a-bear is the underdressed taxi-driver.

They certainly are not, and it behoves taximen of the old school to make plain their feelings toward arty-crafty cads who bring the old green badge into disrepute.

* * *

A MANLY, hang-it-all-you-chaps, heart-to-heart talk might work wonders, and, failing this, the offenders could be sent to Coventry to pick up a hairdresser who wasn't there.

The fashion critic of the *Green Badge* is particularly anxious that taximen should pull their socks up, get their hair cut and do their utmost "to impress the thousands of visitors who will descend upon the Metropolis for the Coronation."

At a time when the authorities have gone to the trouble of buying great quantities of bright new gurbage bins and scattering them about the streets and parks to give London a suitably festive appearance, it ill becomes taximen to mar the beauty of the scene with untidy chins, socks that have never made the acquaintance of suspenders, hair suggestive of cocktail time in Bloomsbury and pants that would do for Oxford but are unworthy of the alumni of a high-class cabmen's shelter.

* * *

MAYBE the editor of the *Tailor and Cutter* could be induced to offer taxi-drivers a few tips (an offering not likely to be refused) as to how they may invest themselves with glamour. During Coronation week ermine trimmings to their overcoats would be appreciated, and opera hats for night work would provide a touch of modishness.

In the interests of fare-ply it is essential to eliminate the type of driver whose Bohemian standards of dress, hair-cutting and deportment plainly proclaim that he is not quaite out of the top drawer.

It is most desirable that our overseas visitors should be able to return to the Outposts of Empire and refute all rumours of decadence in the Old Country by reporting that London taxis are operated by undeniably pukka sahibs and that all's quaite on the West End front. Y. Z.

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pleasure with..
TRADE MARK
"Park Drive"
Cigarettes
Manufactured by
GALLA
VIR
LOND
PARK DRIVE
15 for 6d.
10 FOR 4D PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD) 5 FOR 2D

WAR on the HOUSING SHARKS

He rubs his hands with satisfaction since the innocent house-hunter has signed on the dotted line. Now there is no escape . . .

By JOHN STEVENSON

Secretary of the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers and Landed Property Agents

MY Society has been trying for years to "disbar" and run out of business the dishonourable and criminal house and estate agents who prey upon the public and bring a worthy profession into disrepute.

After careful investigation we have drafted a Parliamentary Bill which will prevent effectively—when it becomes law—the wholesale victimisation of the public by dubious firms of the kind which have been exposed so frequently in JOHN BULL.

Under our proposal a central register of persons engaged in estate agency or as auctioneers and business transfer agents will be set up.

Licences to trade will be necessary, and withdrawal of licences—if circumstances warrant such a course—can be ordered by the courts, or the Home Office.

Well-established and reputable estate agents and auctioneers will continue without interference. They will have the safeguard of official, legal recognition.

But many firms will be exterminated through the operations of our suggested Bill.

Although certain obligations will be imposed, under the Bill, on all estate agency and auctioneering firms, we believe that the majority of regular estate agents will welcome the measure. Its passage through Parliament should present no great difficulty.

Thereafter, when the Bill is law, we can say that we have done our best to cleanse a worthy profession of undesirables for the benefit of the public at large and the credit of our own good name.

Abuses and criminal practices will be checked definitely when an Act of Parliament establishing a registry is on the Statute Book.

Cases in the criminal courts recently have shown how necessary is this kind of professional control. There was, of course, the notorious example of Frederick Kirkwood, who was first exposed in the columns of JOHN BULL back in 1929. This fellow defrauded people in all parts of the country before he was arrested, and convicted at the Old Bailey.

Kirkwood is just one of many rogues who adopt the occupation of house and estate agent for their own illegal purposes.

My "crook" records are kept well up to date. I receive in my office a stream of information concerning men—and women—who are deliberately robbing house hunters. The measure of the ruin they cause is incalculable.

Some of the advertised pretensions of suspect firms are so outrageous that it is difficult to understand how they secure custom. Yet they do, and their clients suffer.

Other agents are circularising landlords offering to let property on preposterous terms.

From my own knowledge, their undertaking cannot be fulfilled. They are just catch-fee firms, which work on quick results and then decamp.

Let me quote from a record of convictions against so-called estate agents which was compiled for the information of a Select Committee of the House of Lords which considered abuses of the law in our profession.

Here is a selection of these cases:—

An estate agent sentenced to five years' penal servitude on ten charges of fraud; forty-nine other charges taken into account. Several previous convictions. Total frauds amounted to £2,000.

Two men trading as estate agents sentenced to twelve and fifteen months' hard labour for obtaining money by false pretences. In three instances houses were let and deposits taken without any authority. The jury offered a recommendation that legislation should be made compulsory for estate agents to be registered.

Business transfer agent sentenced to twelve months' hard labour on four charges of fraud. Advertised non-existent businesses and obtained deposits for their purchase.

"A. B.," house agent, and "X. Y.," house agent, charged with obtaining money by false pretences by selling bogus partnerships, and also other businesses as "well-established."

Both men were associates of notorious swindlers. One had been previously convicted. Investigation showed that out of several thousand transactions not a single one was genuine. Both men received sentences of three years' penal servitude.

Lately I received information from a property owner in West London. He described his experience as a victim of a shady "estate agent."

What happened was this: The landlord having a house to let, handed over the key to the agent, on the promise that it would be returned the same day.

Instead of returning the key, the agent wrote that it had been handed to a desirable tenant, who had taken possession of the vacant premises.

For eight weeks the new tenant stayed in the house, but paid no rent. He declared he handed a fee of £2 to the agent as deposit for the letting.

Efforts to eject the tenant were of no avail. He lived in the house rent free. The agent secured his £2 and the landlord received nothing.

Often the principals of bogus estate agencies are women. At the Middlesex Sessions in the early part of the year one was charged with fraudulent conversion. The statement of a detective-sergeant against her was to the effect that she received sums from working-class people as deposits for house rent and applied the money to her own purposes.

Now I quote Mr. Justice Goddard at York Assizes, sentencing a prisoner, by name Harry Whitton, operating at Middlesbrough.

"It is perfectly obvious," said the Judge, "you are a thoroughly fraudulent person, disguising yourself as an estate agent, making excuses to get people to entrust you with sums of money which, in many instances, represent their life savings."

Although the evil antecedents of this particular criminal were known to the police he was able to continue for more than a dozen years before arrest and conviction.

Glaring cases of dishonest practice in estate agency are to be found up and down the country, and it is impossible to estimate the thousands of pounds harvested by the sharp practices of these unpleasant gentry.

Only a State registry will check the evil. The Parliamentary Bill that my Society is putting forward will provide the safeguard.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

IT is profoundly true that "no man liveth to himself alone." Everything we do has its effect on others. It may be immediate, or it may be delayed; but it will happen.

Even if we do nothing overt, we cannot help carrying an "atmosphere" round with us that affects others. If we are gloomy and depressed, others are gloomy and depressed. If we are cheerful, we brighten other lives by our optimism and our smiles. We can't help it; and since we can't help it, it's just as well to bear it in mind.

We can go deeper than this, too. The real ultimate value of anything we do is not its result to us, but to others; and the finest result of all is to stimulate someone else to carry on from where we leave off.

Take any perfected piece of mechanism—wireless, the aeroplane, the railway engine, the *Queen Mary*—and you will see what this means.

No one man could have invented such perfection; but each pioneer, long ago, did what he could, and did it so well that someone else was spurred on to try to carry his idea a bit further forward.

"The value of any piece of intellectual work," said an old writer, "lies not so much in the things it contains as in the things it is capable of calling forth in other people. Only in this sense are there immortal works."

There is another side to the medal. If we can't originate, maybe we can improve. All around us are ideas lying stagnant because we are too lazy to take them up and develop them. We hope someone else will do it for us.

To originate a new idea is magnificent; but it is no less magnificent to take up an idea that has been lying idle and made it work. Anything is magnificent that helps mankind onward—be the progress only the breadth of a hair.

Look round and get busy!

Politics and You

This Isn't Sport

MR. JAMES BARR, a Scottish Labour Member, is trying to get the hunting of captive animals made illegal.

His measure is quite a modest one. It doesn't concern itself with the hunting of foxes or stags in their wild state, or with the coursing of hares for the Waterloo Cup. Under National Sporting Club rules the hares have to be released for this event thirty days before it takes place.

The kind of thing he seeks to stop is the hunting of carted deer and the coursing of boxed rabbits. These deer have, in some cases, had their horns sawn off and are often extremely tame. Yet again and again they are put through the terrors of the chase.

Rabbits not only suffer the agonies of waiting long hours within sound of human voices and the yelps of dogs. They eventually find themselves suddenly released from semi-darkness into full daylight with dogs close upon them in totally strange surroundings. Thus they get little chance, although, under an Act passed in 1921, rabbits liberated in this way are supposed to be given a reasonable opportunity of escape.

There is no doubt that there is far more support for legislation that will put an end to this kind of thing than many imagine. The Royal Family has already led the way by abolishing the Royal Buckhounds, which were kept for hunting carted deer; and whippet racing and coursing the mechanical hare, neither cruel but both sports, are coming more and more into favour among working men.

Nevertheless, Mr. Barr's Bill will probably not get very far. It will, however, keep the scandal before the public

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MISCELLANEOUS.

PEARL ENDOWMENT POLICIES PURCHASED OUTRIGHT.—SECRETARY, PIONEER SALES, 18, CHRISTCHURCH RD., WINCHESTER

CELEBRATE Imperial Festivities on the occasion, with the delicious Wines of the —Britain's own Vineyard. Australia's all the wonderful food value and tonic properties which make Wine the beverage the world provides. Better Australian Wines are much lower in price than can obtain—as well as the Port Hock, Claret, Burgundy, Sherry, etc. The Australian Wine Board, 28, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.3, will gladly give any information.

FILL in the coupon in BOURNVILLE announcement on p. 16 for a copy of the gift book illustrating the numerous valuable gifts offered in exchange for coupons in BOURNVILLE Cocoa, together with free

FREE.—Send for a sample of Hindes Tint, stating shade required, to Hindes, 5, Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2 2d. in stamps for postage. See advt

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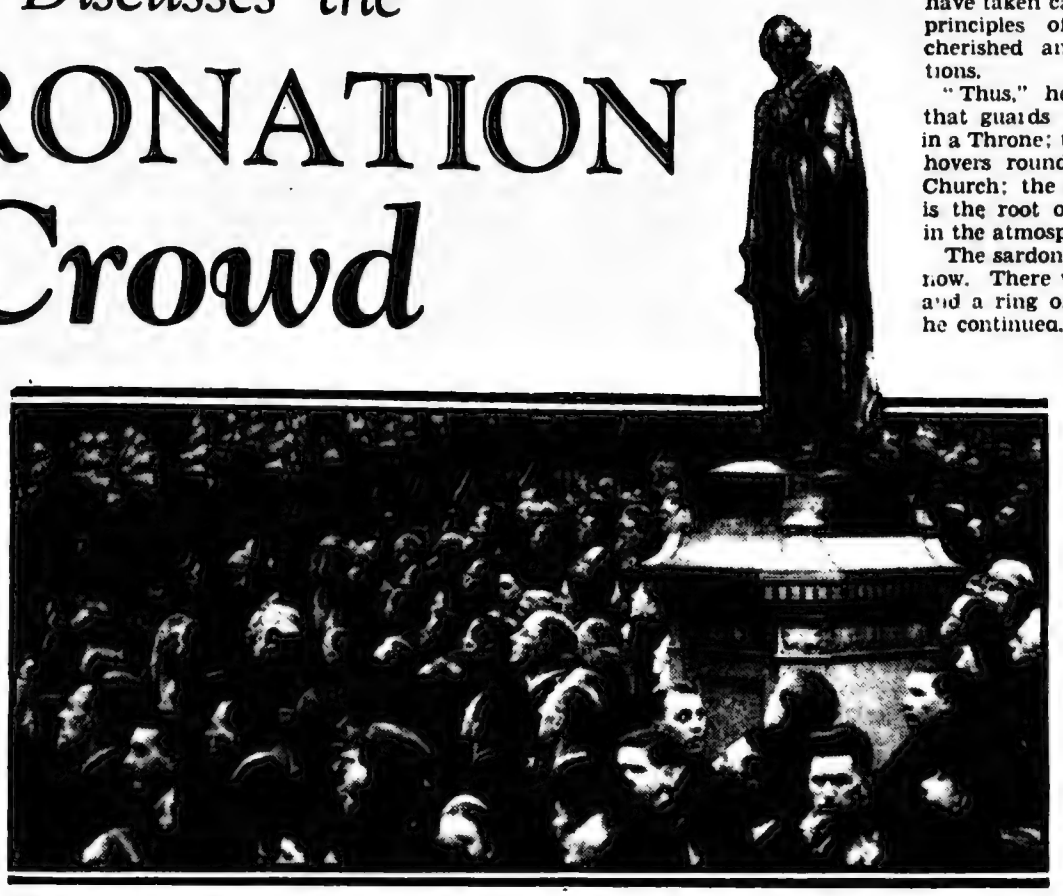
DISRAELI Discusses the CORONATION Crowd



"The people of England," said Disraeli, "have expressed in a manner which cannot be mistaken, that they will uphold the ancient monarchy of England"

I HAD been asked to get an interview with someone of distinction, touching on the Coronation and its significance to the people of the British Empire.

My instructions were to find someone whose opinions would carry weight, someone who could speak authoritatively upon such topics as the Crown and the people, peace and war, Britain and the Empire, India and self-government, the Church and the State, and the national spirit as exemplified on such great ceremonial occasions.

Ceremonies, regalia, processions — oceans of ink had been spilled about these. One thought persisted as I sat in my armchair at home; the coronation of an English King is essentially a people's pageant.

All the pomp would amount to nothing without the lusty, loyal cheers of the crowd: more precious, indeed, to England than the Crown Jewels themselves is a sixpenny Coronation mug on the mantelpiece of a working-man's home.

Why, I thought, there would not be a King at all unless the Man in the Street—the bloke in the cloth cap—and his Missis wanted one!

A deep voice broke in upon my musings:

"The people of England," it said, "have expressed in a manner which cannot be mistaken that they will uphold the ancient monarchy of England."

STARTLED, I turned to the other armchair. There sat an old, old man, dressed in a formidable frock-coat of antique cut. His sallow face was like lined parchment; a solitary curl strayed grotesquely across his massive forehead. It was Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield!

How he had scared me! All right, I thought, I would try to do some scarifying myself.

"That's all very well," I said. "But there are some people about nowadays who say that we could get on very well without a king."

My visitor seemed not in the least concerned. His eyes remained closed. A downward curve of his mouth made him look like a sardonic mummy. One leg swung slowly to and fro before he answered.

"The great body of the working-class of England utterly repudiate such sentiments," he said deliberately. "They have no sympathy with them. They are English to the core.

"They repudiate cosmopolitan principles. They adhere to national principles. They are for maintaining the greatness of the Kingdom and the Empire, and they are proud of being subjects of our Sovereign and members of such an Empire.

"THE people of England are proud of belonging to a great country and wish to maintain its greatness," he went on. "They are resolved to maintain their Empire."

"That sounds to me rather out of date," I challenged. "Surely the Dominions are to all intents and purposes independent now. And what about India?"

"There never was a jewel in the Crown of England that was so truly costly as the possession of India," said the man who made Victoria Empress. "How often has it been suggested that we should emancipate ourselves from this incubus!

"Well," he continued, "that result was nearly accomplished. When subtle views were adopted under the plausible plea of granting self-government, I confess that I myself thought that the tie was broken——"

I started, in amazement, to interrupt this remarkable statement from the greatest of all Tory Premiers, but he held up his hand.

"Not that I for one object to self-government," he observed. "I cannot conceive how our distant Colonies can have their affairs administered except by self-government.

"But self-government, in my opinion, ought to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation."

"To judge from the vast numbers of Coronation visitors, your theory seems to be working well in most parts of the Empire," I remarked.

That seemed to please him. Pulling a handkerchief from his left-hand pocket, he transferred it to the right and coughed slightly.

"The Empire is no mean heritage," he said, stuffing the handkerchief firmly away. "But it is not a heritage which can only be enjoyed.

"It must be maintained, and it can only be maintained by the same qualities that created it—by courage, by discipline, by patience, by determination, and by a reverence for public law and respect for national rights."

"One can understand the interest our overseas visitors take in the Coronation," I commented. "But what has amazed me has been the steadily swelling tide of enthusiasm amongst our own people, who might well be excused for looking on it as 'just another show.'"

Out came Dizzy's handkerchief and back it went into the other pocket.

"WITHOUT exception," he said emphatically, "the English people are the most enthusiastic in the world.

"There are more excitable races," he admitted. "The French, the Italians, are much more excitable. But for deep and fervid feeling there is no race in the world at all equal to the English.

"The notes on the gamut of their feelings are few, but they are deep. Industry, Liberty, Religion — that is the history of England. So long as this sacred combination influences the destinies of this country it will not die."

"There is no doubt that our new King and Queen deeply appreciate the religious nature of their Coronation," I observed.

"The wisest sovereigns and statesmen have ever been anxious to connect authority with religion," Disraeli said. "The constitution of England is not merely a constitution in State: it is a constitution in Church and State."

"What do you think of our modern politicians?" I asked.

The old man made a grimace.

"My conception of a great statesman is of one who represents a great idea," he remarked. "But a man who takes his observations and, when he finds the wind in a certain quarter, trims to suit it, may be a powerful Minister, but he is no more a great statesman than the man who gets up behind a carriage is a great whip."

"Then, if there are no statesmen nowadays, what is the nation to depend on?" I asked.

"You have nothing to trust to," he replied, "but your own energy and the sublime instinct of an ancient people.'

"You are a great believer in tradition, then," I observed.

Disraeli nodded. "The wisdom of great men and the experience of ages have taken care," he said, "that popular principles of government should be cherished and perpetuated in institutions.

"Thus," he went on, "the majesty that guards the multitude is embodied in a Throne; the faith that consoles them hovers round the altar of a national Church; the spirit of discussion, which is the root of public liberty, flourishes in the atmosphere of a free Parliament."

The sardonic mummy was wide awake now. There was a flash in the old eyes and a ring of challenge in his voice as he continued.

"You must remember," he said, "that this country is not governed by force: it is not governed by standing armies: it is governed by a most singular series of traditionary influences which generation after generation cherishes and preserves."

Encouraged by this show of interest, I changed the subject by asking Disraeli what he considered the most important task before Parliament to-day.

"The first consideration of a Minister should be the health of the people," he said.

I agreed, but could not refrain from mentioning that the Government's physical training schemes had so far seemed a bad joke.

"There is nothing difficult or great," countered Disraeli, "that is not laughed at in the beginning."

Thus admonished, I ventured to ask for an opinion on our foreign policy in 1937.

"The position of England in the Councils of Europe is essentially that of a moderating and mediatorial Power," he laid down.

"You do not agree with the policy of isolation which is urged in some quarters?"

"What are the consequences of the just influence of England in the Councils of Europe being lowered?" he demanded. "In exact proportion as that influence is lowered, the securities for peace are diminished. If England is resolved upon a particular policy, war is not probable."

"Do you approve of *ententes* and alliances?" I enquired.

"If there is a cordial alliance between England and France, war is most difficult," Lord Beaconsfield maintained. "If there is a thorough understanding between England, France and Russia, war is impossible."

"YOU believe, then, that our country should be strong?"

"It is not merely our fleets and armies, our powerful artillery, our accumulated capital and our unlimited credit on which I so much depend," he assured me, "as upon that unbroken spirit of her people, which I believe was never prouder of the Imperial country to which they belong."

"And for the fostering of that spirit we have largely to thank our Royal Family," I remarked.

"The wisdom of your forefathers placed the prize of supreme power without the sphere of human emotions," he declared. "Whatever the strife of factions there has always been something in this country round which all classes and parties could rally—the Throne."

As he spoke these words, Disraeli came across to my chair. He touched me on the shoulder——

"I hate to wake you," said my wife, "but you've got to write that article. . . ."

"Don't worry, darling," I answered. "It's done!" W. W.

(Every statement attributed to Lord Beaconsfield in this imaginary interview is taken without alteration from his recorded speeches and letters.)

Newlyweds

JUST married, settling down in their own little nest . . . how the rest of the world turns away with an envious sigh!

That, no doubt, inspired many entrants in *Bullets* 1,066th Contest when they considered that *Example*, IN THE NEWLYWEDS' HOME. A £50 cheque and Cup Final award came to one of them—Mr. H. J. B. Hurt, 18, Carrington Road, Dartford—for persevering with this simple idea until he had produced a neat and original *Bullet*.

"As soon as I saw that *Example*, it brought up a mental picture of a young couple happy in a home of their own," Mr. Hurt told JOHN BULL. "I thought of the young wife, carefully dusting their treasured possessions Everything was a labour of love; even her dusting was a caress—and there was my Second Prize *Bullet*, IN THE NEWLYWEDS' HOME—EVEN DUSTING'S A 'CARESS.'"

If you prefer making such comments on homely, domestic affairs, you will find plenty to say about LOOKING FOR A WIFE and HE WORSHIPS HER, So—two *Examples* for this week's *Bullets* Contest. Turn to page 39 for the list of 36 *Examples*. Start on this fascinating task now, for there is a £500 fortune and glorious Coronation celebration waiting to be won.

It's a Gift!

Mrs. A. 'My word! I do envy you that nice electric iron. Where did you buy it?'

Mrs. B. 'Oh, it was a present!'

Mrs. A. 'Goodness! Someone must be very sensible to give you such a useful present.'

Mrs. B. 'You'll have to give *me* a pat on the back—I chose it with this ironing-board and the overall I'm wearing.'

Mrs. A. 'What a gift! Have you been having another birthday?'

Mrs. B. 'Oh, no! I have presents without waiting for birthdays now we have Bournville Cocoa and collect the gift coupons. Have you seen this free gift list?'

Mrs. A (turning the pages). 'What lovely things. Sheets—tablecloths — towels — aluminium kettles — undies — everything I've been longing for. I'll certainly get a copy of this book.'

Mrs. B. 'Yes, do. You'll enjoy Bournville Cocoa too. It is so rich and has such a real chocolaty flavour.'

N.B. Why don't you follow Mrs. A's example and write for a copy of the Bournville Cocoa Gift Book? You can have a copy (containing a Free Coupon to start your collection) by posting the form below.

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NEVER FORGET Gresford!

By HANNEN SWAFFER

WHAT will happen, now that the long, long Gresford enquiry is over and fines of £140 with £350 costs have been inflicted on the owners and the manager?

It cannot end there.

The magistrates decided that the owners and the manager were not responsible for any one of the acts which was the cause of the explosion.

Then, in many cases, such a decision would have to be arrived it. It is very hard to fasten down blame.

The conditions in a mine are such that after an explosion, after the agony and the death, and the mourning and the funeral, after the shock that goes across the country, it is difficult to decide who and what is responsible.

And, as the bodies of the Gresford dead are still down in the mine—all 265 of them—well, so is the evidence buried with them. The bodies may be brought up one day. The evidence will be buried for ever.

Science has given us sufficient knowledge to prevent explosions. Yet until the British Government does something—and for years it has delayed long-needed reform—the toll of death will continue.

◆◆◆ During a period of six recent years nearly 1,000,000 men were victims of accidents in British pits!

Five miners are killed in the pit every working day. Every morning five miners wish their wives a good-bye that means they will never see them again.

Yet this can be averted.

Arthur Jenkins, M.P., put the case in dramatic words a few weeks ago, in the House of Commons.

"There are two factors which cause explosions," he said. "They are gas and coal-dust. With proper care, they can be both removed from the mines. Explosions would then be a thing of the past."

But first of all, there must be an efficient system of inspecting mines. For this the Government itself must take full and complete responsibility.

Under the present system it is no good merely blaming owners. Nor is it fair to blame mines inspectors and colliery managers. It is no good blaming anybody. It is the whole System that is wrong from beginning to end.

Until mines are nationalised, and we agree that coal should be produced for use and not primarily for profit, mine-owners will continue to be forced, under the System, to drive on their officials, who will continue to work under the conditions that produce the explosions and the accidents which have characterised mining from its start.

As it is, mines inspectors go into the pits. They examine a small portion of the pit. They don't post a report at the end of their inspection, informing the workpeople of the condition of the mine as they found it.

Sometimes they have conferences with the colliery managers, and explain things to them. But it is within the right of the colliery manager to take action, or not to take action, on the suggestions made by the mines inspectors.

The workpeople are rarely informed. So day after day, while nothing may have been done, hundreds of men will go down that pit, yes, week after week and year after year, not knowing that the mine is unsafe.

Then, one day, there is an explosion. The story of the catastrophe is printed everywhere in the land. Prayers are offered in the churches. Funeral hymns are sung, sermons are preached. Leading articles are written. Collections are made.

Everybody pities the poor miner.

But, in some other pit in the land, it is just the same. And so it goes on, week after week, month after month and year after year.

Years ago the late Sir William Galloway spent much of his time in convincing colliery owners, and people generally, that explosions can be produced by coal-dust. It only needed a blow-out shot and the presence of coal-dust to produce a holocaust.

To-day, at the Buxton experimental station, run by the Government, coal-dust explosions are being repeatedly demonstrated. We know the danger. Why not remove it from the mine?

If you would remove it, you would remove not only the explosion, but the danger of silicosis, and then the miner and the miner's home would be relieved of much of the suffering which now overwhelms them.

Silicosis is the gradual hardening of the lungs by dust. So serious is this that there are probably more deaths caused by silicosis than by mine explosions.

And the death is more painful and more prolonged. It often lasts for years and years.

It was not until 1929 that the first order provided compensation for silicosis, and even to-day there are many miners living in the British coal-fields who contracted silicosis prior to the order of 1929, and yet are still without compensation.

◆◆◆ The 1929 order said that there must be 50 per cent. of silica dust, which can rarely be proved. The 1931 order improved matters, but still left many outside. The last order has improved it to such an extent that it says "any process in or about a mine shall be entitled to compensation."

But even that has defects. All the men suffering from silicosis will never be able to get compensation until lung diseases suffered by miners are scheduled as an "industrial disease," as is nystagmus.

Let the public of this country try to picture the condition of a mine where the air is so completely saturated with moisture at such a high temperature that it will not absorb the perspiration from men's bodies, and they have to work in a nude condition.

That was the condition obtaining at Gresford. That condition is made only possible by the absence of an adequate amount of ventilation—the first requisite of safe conditions in the mine.

"Men were working in old improvised clothes," said Sir Terence O'Connor, the Solicitor-General, in the Gresford prosecution, "and some of them were naked because their bellies were so sore from the rubbing off of sweat that they could not keep their clothes on.

"There were men who had to wring out their shorts and the improvised clothes three or four times in a shift in order to remove the perspiration as they were slaving at the coal-face.

"You will hear them describe the nausea which overcame them as they approached this face. They will describe the outbreak of boils from which they suffered, and the fits of giddiness."

Although, in some mines, the standard of safety is comparatively high much has to be done. The Royal Commission, whose report will be published soon, will, it is hoped, take into consideration all the defects in the present regulations, and take such steps as are necessary in order to provide for the miner that standard of safety now within the power of our scientific knowledge.

What will the Government do? The regulations now controlling work underground date back to 1911, when men toiled merely with the pick and shovel just as they had done since the beginning of mining many centuries ago. There was mining in South Wales, you know, even in the Roman days!

Since 1911, however, life underground has been transformed, and not for the better. Rationalisation has come in, and mechanisation.

Coal-cutting machines have now been installed, coal-cutters that make a terrible din and, much of the time, throw up fumes and dust in great quantities.

Tragedy lined in their faces, the wives and children wait for news . . .

◆◆◆ Then there are conveyors that carry the coal from the coal-face to the trams. The conveyor discharges coal frequently at the rate of a ton a minute, setting up such quantities of dust that, as one South Wales miner said recently, "You can't see anybody near our conveyor until you touch him."

Yet there are at present no regulations of any kind that govern machine mining!

Gresford was a national scandal, but, comparatively, it was only an incident.

Under present conditions we cannot hope to escape more Gresfords in the future unless the regulations are improved; yes, and not only improved, but enforced.

When the new regulations reach the House of Commons they will be attacked by Vested Interests, as all improvements have always been from the start of the human race.

But Vested Interests must not be considered. They must be made to give way, in the interests of every one of the 750,000 miners, on whom our comforts and our lives depend—yes, and on behalf of their 2,000,000 dependants.

I demand, as will all the readers of JOHN BULL, that the regulations are made so strict that unsafe mines will be made more costly than safe mines.

Then, and then only, will the danger end.

Just a Human Story

His Glorious Ninety Minutes

FOR five and a half days a week George William Turnbull works in the comparative darkness of Horden Colliery, West Hartlepool, never very far from the coal-face.

But on Saturday afternoons a very different Horden activity engages his attention for ninety glorious minutes.

He becomes one of Cotsford Park's most lionised football players.

The enthusiastic followers of the club shout. "Go it, Turnbull," and "Good old Turnbull," from the touchline.

But George is a man who plays the game for the happiness he gets out of it. Fan worship doesn't bother him.

Not even the fact that his team had won its way to the semi-final of the Seaham and District League Cup competition bothered him when, just twenty-four hours before the great match, he waited for the cage to take him down the pit.

That, despite the fact that he had been one of the biggest contributors to the success of his side.

He just found his way to a point twelve feet from the coal-face and began his job.

Why the sudden rush of rescuers through the underground workings of Horden Colliery? Why are the rescuers shouting for pneumatic picks??

There has been an ominous cracking and rumbling, followed by the horrible roar of falling stone.

A man is entombed. The man is George William Turnbull, who is due to play in to-morrow's semi-final.

For eleven hours the pneumatic drills chatter; the pit rescuers work themselves almost into a state of collapse. Not a sound from the imprisoned man for some time.

Then, at long last, they get near him. Some hectic minutes as the last two feet of a tunnel is excavated by the rescue squad, and then—George William Turnbull is dragged through the hole to safety; bruised, begrimed.

The lights they flash into his face display—no doubt about it—*a grin.*

"Well, that's that," said George William Turnbull. "Thanks. Now I can play with the team."

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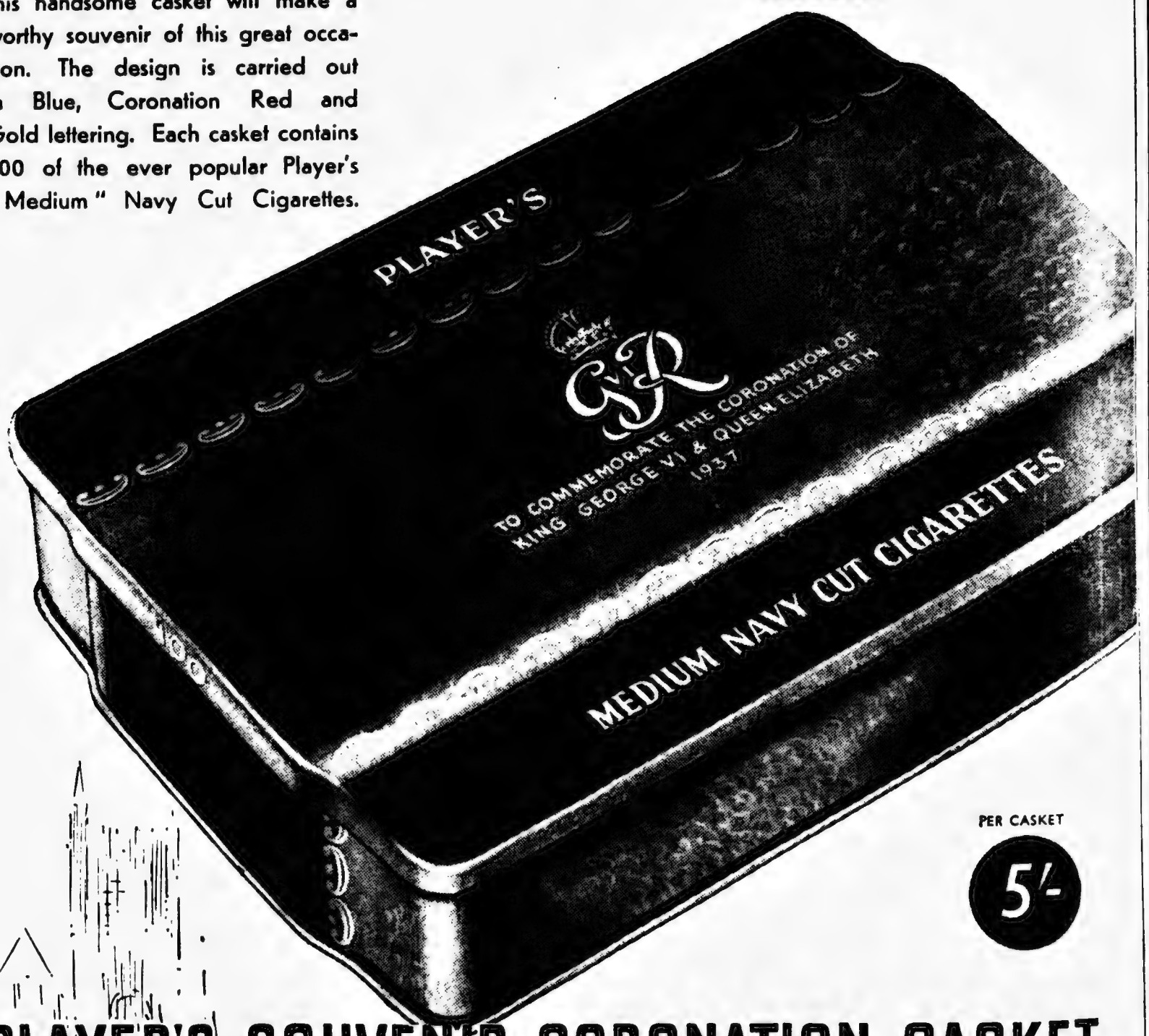

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TRAMP'S Posers for a VICAR

She is doubtful of the benefits of churchgoing. "The world doesn't want you when you are down like me"

What Can the Church Do for Me?—3

JUST a shadow that stirred in a theatre doorway off Piccadilly. That's all I could discern at first.

I couldn't even tell whether it represented a man or a woman until I addressed it.

Then the tone of the reply told me it was a fairly young woman, and a certain irksomeness in it that she had settled there for the night and resented being disturbed.

No, she didn't want to talk. Didn't want a coffee, either. Nor a smoke. Couldn't I see that she just wanted to sleep?

That gave me an idea. The promise of a cup of coffee, to be followed by whatever warmth and comfort a bed in a lodging-house could afford her, was sufficient to draw her to her full height as a shambling pillar of rags.

We talked over the counter of a coffee-stall. The coffee-stall was her idea. "I wouldn't be welcome in a café," she said. She also refused to accept a night's sleep in anything better than a doss-house.

"The world doesn't want you when you are down like me," was her summary of life.

I had been awaiting a good opening, and now I had got it.

"It is because I want to find out whether the Church wants you and can do anything for you that I have made it my business to meet you," I told her.

Not without difficulty, for she confessed herself "slow in the uptake" on religious matters, I told her how the Archbishop of Canterbury had issued his famous Recall to Religion via the British Broadcasting Corporation.

I explained the JOHN BULL test of taking people with problems along to churches as if in response to that appeal, just to see how the churches reacted. Would she go to church with me?

To my surprise, she agreed.

When I met her the next day—a Sunday—just before church time, I looked so shabby that even my self-described tramp didn't know me at first and I, personally, was suffering from the worst mental discomfort I had ever experienced in my life.

Well, I had intended to take her to St. George's, Hanover Square, scene of thousands of fashionable marriages, but she had jibbed at that.

Instead, we entered another London church often described by the gossip-writers as "fashionable."

I don't know how she felt about it, but I was distinctly abashed at the number of top-hats and the predominance of silks and satins in the church.

The service followed the lines of the usual Church of England matins with Bible readings which, like the music, produced some somnambulistic effect on my friend, who nodded off once or twice.

The first bright gleam, from my point of view, came at the end of the announcements, when the vicar made a very moving appeal on behalf of a parishioner—an old woman—who was in a state of need and suffering from an incurable form of rheumatoid arthritis. Our reason for not giving his name is that he feels the tenor of the conversation would reflect unfairly on his congregation.

That announcement inspired my woman tramp to make her first comment.

"That's real Christianity," she said. "Different from some of this stuff."

The text, I noticed, produced no discernible effect on her whatsoever. Here it is: "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil."

I said to her: "You've got the meaning of that?" She replied: "I'm blessed if I have."

Then various names associated with Lent such as Septuagesima and Quinquagesima were mentioned. My companion tapped my arm at hearing those. "I suppose a young fellow would have to have all those things off pat before he could get a job with the Church?" she asked.

"They are terms of remote religious antiquity," I told her. "I bet there are 80 per cent. of churchgoers who don't understand them. I wouldn't be surprised if some of the clergy knew very little about them."

"That wouldn't make them any worse," she replied.

Two things stood out in the sermon. One was:

"A man who has had to do without for the sake of someone else, and who has accepted it as a condition of being able to help that person, would never look at it in the light of his own sacrifice.

"I know it is hard, but it is the truth. And though I have not myself, thank God, ever been conscious of being in the position of being hungry, there are other hungers in life that are very much more agonising than the desire for food."

The woman tramp stirred at that. "He must know what it is like to have no blanket on a bitter night. That's what he must mean," she said.

Then the other quotation which sticks out in my memory:

"Thank God that we are in a country where it is not necessary to starve. I know nothing about being hungry, but I know that the reason why so many people fail to get the necessities of life is because they cannot be got without sacrificing self-respect and pride, which makes them refuse to take them."

Then, a little later, something of the same stuff paraphrased:

"If I were hungry and could not get any food I would take what the relieving officer gave me, because I believe that the conscience of this country is sufficiently touched with the Spirit of God to refuse to withhold these things.

"I would take it and be glad of it, because I know I never stoop when I am accepting what has been given to me. Half the miseries of this world are because men and women have false pride."

Looking at my companion, I feared we would be in for a display of Brock's fireworks when we met the vicar afterwards—supposing he would consent.

"I have reached the stage when I can swallow my pride with the next," she said. "It doesn't make things any easier for me."

When the sermon ended she added: "If that's what the Archbishop wants me to accept, be damned to it!"

And now for the interview in the vestry. I am afraid it was very one-sided, but there is little I can do but record the facts faithfully.

For most of the time my woman tramp was fussing like a Catherine-wheel, and the vicar was seeking to answer her with a few words. I don't blame either questioner or questioned, but the talk fell very flat after the last two interviews.

"I don't go to church because I don't think it's worth going to," said my companion. "The people who go to church look down on those who don't—yet how much better are they for going?"

Answered the vicar: "You are judging them from outside."

The woman: "They don't get any better from going to listen to you. If they are going to be better, it must come from themselves."

The vicar: "You cannot tell what is happening to those you are judging from outside."

And now the subject of my test got really going. It must not be assumed that the vicar disdained to answer. He didn't always get the chance. Let us finish with a complete verbatim.

The woman: "In my opinion, people know the church is there simply as an ornament. If you didn't talk the people wouldn't come. If you did tell them what they were expecting to hear, they wouldn't come.

"It is such a lot of waste. You can see goodness being done all round you. You can't tell me these things the church is doing is better goodness.

"I have a child." Here we can just baldly infer that there is a tragedy about the break-up of this woman's home which she asked us not to reveal.

"Yes, my child used to go to Sunday school. We didn't want the kid to go along and say her daddy had lost his job, so we sent her without money. Then one week the teacher told her: 'That will be 3½d. you owe next week, Joyce.'

"She didn't go to the Sunday school treat because we hadn't got the cost of the fare. Is that Christianity?"

The woman alleged that if she had had a fur-coat on she would have received a warm welcome at the church. She became rather personal about the vicar, which led him to say:

"I have to do outside work to make ends meet."

Her parting shots were: "The finest thing I heard in your church was the appeal for the old lady. It is the finest thing I ever heard in church.

"There are many things I wouldn't have done in my life—things to help people—if my heart was a cold one.

"Your religion starts in your own circle. There is no need to go out for it. And if I did go out, I'd far rather visit a hospital for half an hour than spend the time in church."

And that was the end of the interview.

I have tried and tried, since, to reach some really useful conclusions. But I am only sure of one.

It is that that particular church and that particular woman—I am blaming neither—are quite irreconcilable.

Next Week:

A Ticket-of-leave Man goes to Church

JUST LOOK

"AND when the day of Pentecost was come they were all gathered together in one place . . . men from every Nation under Heaven."

That was at Jerusalem, 1,900 years ago. It has happened again at the same season, in London.

They have come from all corners of the world by land and sea and air, Maharajahs from India and millionaires from America, Non-stop Pilots from Tokio, Mandarins from Indo-China, Democrats and Dictators from the Near and Middle East and Film Stars from the Far West.

Their luggage is piled high in the hotel lounges, their cream-and-coffee-coloured cars follow each other under the flags in the London streets bearing strange combinations of letters that curious Cockneys try anxiously to puzzle out.

Young King Farouk of Egypt is here, fez-capped, frock-coated, fat-faced, looking older than his seventeen years and showing his four sisters the London he remembers from those schooldays, passed in England, that are not so very far away.

And Prince Chichibu is here, the Mikado of Japan's brother, with his tall top hat and big-rimmed spectacles. He has brought with him his princess, who left England (she was born here) when she was only eight months old.

And ..e has brought his memories of 1925, when he came over to go to Oxford and was recalled by his father's death

Perhaps he thinks of the young equerry who was with him then, Professor Gilbert Murray's son, Basil, who died a few days ago helping the refugees in Spain.

Prince Michael has come from Roumania. He is just fifteen, but he has already been king once and does not greatly look forward to being king again.

He is a high-spirited little Prince who started driving a motor-car dangerously fast round Bukarest when he was eight years old, and was nearly carried out into the Black Sea by the kite he was flying at Constanza.

Once, too, he clambered into a tank during manœuvres, and when he tried to stop it in full career by pressing a button he loosed a flood of machine-gun bullets among the startled staff, who were supposed to be looking after him.

Joseph Lyons, the Australian Prime Minister, is conspicuous in any company.

There is no mistaking that wavy grey hair or that slight, distinctive limp that recalls a bicycle accident he had, years ago, before the world knew him. He started life a schoolmaster and still tends to speak to you as if you were rather a slow-witted boy in his class.

He is usually with the Federal treasurer, tall, soldierly Captain O'Casey, and till the very last moment he had not got hold of a Privy Councillor's uniform, because he hates formal clothes.

At fifty-eight he has eleven children, and he is very worried because there are not many Australians with quite so many as that.

General Pershing has come to represent the United States. He commanded their Field Force in the World War, and he was one of our heroes then, his head on every patriotic postcard against a draped background of Allied flags.

By turns, lawyer, schoolmaster (he saved from his pay enough to go to a military school) and soldier, he has led a chequered life and a full one.

His wife and his three daughters were burned to death in 1915, and he carries the mark of tragedy with him still and is weary of many wars.

He fought the Red Indians in Arizona, hunted Pancho Villa through the dry wilderness that is Mexico, and looked on at the wearisome tragedy of the Russo-Japanese War of 1904.

One President Roosevelt promoted him from captain to general over the heads of 862 others; another President Roosevelt has sent him to represent America at King George VI'S Coronation.

Fat-faced, his eyes twinkling behind his spectacles, Maxim Litvinov goes by. He also has been in England before, in 1919, in Brixton prison!

But, then, he was used to that sort of thing because the Tsar had put him in prison in Kiev twenty-six years before.

Trotsky first made him Ambassador to Britain in 1919, before Britain recognised the Bolsheviks. Now Trotsky is in exile in Mexico, but Litvinov's Foreign Office career has led him to the top.

Very clever he has been, too, in handling affairs of the Soviet Union and bringing back that vast collection of peoples into the fellowship of the Western World.

He was the only man who gained anything from the World Economic Conference of 1933, which he left with a guarantee of Russia's frontiers from all her Western neighbours in his pocket.

Ibn Saud is here from Arabia, the first man who ever ruled effectively over the whole of it. He is the Cromwell of our age, the military champion of Moslem Puritanism.

Two hundred years ago the prophet Wahab, after denouncing the luxuries of his age, found a dangerous refuge with the ancestor of Ibn Saud, the warrior Prince of Nejd.

That ancestor ended his life in chains in the Sultan of Turkey's prison, but to-day the doctrines of Wahab are enforced all over Arabia by his descendant.

So five million people, living in a land as big as France, Germany, Switzerland and Belgium, may not taste alcohol or tobacco, nor wear silks or jewels, nor gamble their substance away. And the thief's hand is struck off and the adulterer must die.

General von Blomberg, fresh of face and rather short of breath, proudly impersonates the might of Nazi Germany. "I will be either a Blucher" (Prussia's greatest commander) "or a Gneisenau" (her finest organiser) he once said in his far-off cadet days.

His father was a colonel of the Kaiser's army on half-pay, and Blomberg unquestioningly followed the same career. He spent the war at General Headquarters, and the years after it in bitter controversy with most of his colleagues.

Staunch Conservatives and Kaiser's men, they had no patience with his Nazi leanings, and were very glad to pack him off to the Disarmament Conference in Geneva.

He knew how to wait, and now he has ousted the lot of them. Hitler values him highly, for while he is at the head of the German Army it will never turn against the Nazi State.

And in London, too, is an organiser of another kind, the Gneisenau of the Hollywood film world, Frank Capra. The vivacious, swarthy, curly-headed Sicilian, director of those popular films "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," turned up in America 34 years ago a penniless child of six.

He started by selling newspapers and waiting in cheap joints, and now earns £1,000 a week. Wide-eyed and receptive, he passes among the Coronation crowds, his story writer with him, ready for new material, new ideas.

Forty Indian Princes are here, the lords of small territories and great ones. The Agha Khan, the Moslem leader, is here, whom his subjects worship as God; and the Maharani of Jaipur is here with £200,000 in gifts of jewels for the King Emperor. In her own country she has a palace of 1,000 doors and close on 4,000 windows, on which the winds play a hundred different melodies as the casements are thrown open in as many different ways. She is staying at an hotel which has its private well because she may not drink water that is passed through pipes.

The Maharajah of Rajpipla is here, the owner of Windsor Lad, which won the Derby in 1934, and the Sultan of Trengganu, in Malaya, with his twenty hat boxes stocked with hats for all the different ceremonial occasions, and the thirty-nine-year-old Maharajah of Nawanagar, "Ranji's" nephew, with his 123-year-old parrot.

King George's cousin has arrived —Prince Olaf of Norway, the most democratic prince in the world, as befits the representative of the only monarchy without a nobility. He is Commodore of the Norwegian Yacht Club, and is going to sail his boat in the June Regatta.

After the war he went to Balliol College, Oxford, where a fellow-undergraduate asked his leave to kick him, "as I should like to tell my children I once kicked the King of Norway."

Olaf kicked him hard on the thigh. "Now you can tell your children you were once kicked by the King of Norway," he said.

Bland-faced Chinese are to be seen, crinkly-headed West Indians, the voluble representatives of South American republics, chattering parties of Continental schoolgirls, comfortable widows who travelled over first-class from the States, and keen young college boys who worked their passage.

Rudy Vallee is here, the smooth-faced, fair-headed inventor of crooning. He gets more love letters than anybody in the world, they say, and he commands the most fabulous salaries, fifteen hundred pounds for an hour at the microphone.

Canada has sent us her Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King. He has held that office three times, and he must be the only Liberal Prime Minister left anywhere in the world.

A strangely solitary man in spite of his golf and his expert dancing. He is short, dark, stocky and silent, and his life has not always been a comfortable one.

When he was twenty-one he used to work in a newspaper office for a dollar—that is, about five shillings—a day. "And it wasn't an eight-hour day," he says.

Princess Juliana has come from Holland with her consort, Prince Bernhard of Lippe Bielefeld. They were married at the beginning of this year, and then he shed his Nazi leanings along with the black

WHO'S HERE!

SELDOM before has Great Britain played host to such a distinguished gathering of celebrities. Many have come from the ends of the earth to be present at the Coronation.

On this page are a few unconventional snapshots of some of these celebrities. Left to right—Prince and Princess Chichibu; the Aga Khan; King Farouk of Egypt; Prince Michael of Roumania; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Capra; Princess Juliana and her husband; General von Blomberg; Haile Selassie; Maharajah of Jaipur; Jam Sahib of Nawanagar; Ibn Saud; Maharajah of Rajpipla.

uniform of Hitler's bodyguard and became a loyal Dutchman.

He is painstaking, laborious, and thorough, and they are ideally happy. Vivacious and well as ever, suddenly become younger and slimmer, Princess Juliana is one of the most welcome and popular of all our Coronation visitors.

She does not fit our popular conception of the stolid, silent Dutch, for she is vivacious, forceful and amusing. And her life has been crammed with experience.

She must be one of the very few princesses who graduated from a university, the ancient University of Leyden. And she has a wonderful knack of saying the right thing. But, then, she has had a lot of practice. She made her first speech at Utrecht when she was ten years old.

Prince Paul, Senior Regent of Jugoslavia, is in London to represent his country, a country enlarged, greater, richer. I do rot know whether it is any happier than it was in those far-off careless days before the war when they fined him for playing bicycle polo in the streets of Oxford.

It is an odd fate that has made him direct the policy of a nation, because his tastes are quiet. He likes to paint pictures and read his books, to meet people informally, to run his clubs in the poor parts of London.

But who shall say he has not the makings of a statesman since he played so big a part in staving off one of the few wars that the League of Nations has perhaps prevented? After King Alexander's murder the Jugoslav Government accused Hungary of harbouring the assassins, and sent the Hungarians a Note far too similar to the Note the Hungarians had sent them after that other assassination which started the war of 1914, and began ruthlessly driving all the Hungarians who had their homes and farms in Jugoslavia across the border with the few belongings they could snatch up in twenty-four hours.

Prince Paul was in England at the time, but he went straight back to Jugoslavia and called off those expulsions.

Dr. Kung, from China, descends from the great Confucius, and the Emperor Haile Selassie of Abyssinia, whom fate and the nations treated so cruelly, descends from King Solomon, and David Young, who has travelled all the way from Pitcairn Island, is the great-great-grandson of Midshipman Young, one of those mutineers of the *Bounty* who first colonised the island two hundred years ago.

Europe's Foreign Ministers have arrived, the old order and the new. From Hungary comes Dr. Kanya, who represented the vanished Austrian Empire in Mexico when the war began and who has been a diplomat without interruption since the 'eighties.

He is Knight of the Iron Cross of Hungary, of the Portuguese Order of Christ, of the Grand Cross of Isabella the Catholic of Spain, Commander of the Ernestine Order of Saxony, all conferred, alas! by Princes and Powers that have ceased to be.

From Czecho-Slovakia, which has only existed since the war, comes Dr. Hodza, worn out with the long struggle for National Minority rights that he waged for so many years against the countrymen and colleagues of Dr. Kanya; Milan Hodza, who strove for the freedom of the Slovaks in the Hungarian Parliament, and talked so often of the Austria-Hungary that might have been with the martyred Archduke Francis Ferdinand before the assassin's bullet found him one June day, in 1914, at Serajevo.

Then there is Colonel Beck, Poland's dynamic Foreign Minister, the most enterprising of all the Committee of Colonels that has been dictating for so many years to that much-tried country.

Beck, who fought in Pilsudski's Polish Legion for the Austrians until it became clear that the only United Poland to be got from Austria would be governed by a German Prince.

Beck, who annoyed the French so much at the Versailles Conference by his friendliness to the Germans that Foch had him sent away from Paris so that he was driven to get his own back years after by concluding an understanding with Hitler.

General Hertzog has come from South Africa, the old opponent of Empire turned into its exponent with the mellowing course of the years.

Sylvia Brooke is here, the English Ranee of Sarawak, who was once the friend of Asquith and Barrie and Bernard Shaw.

Great rulers are here and humble subjects, men and women who are here officially as an exacting duty and men and women who are here as a long-awaited treat.

They have come from the Dominions and the Colonies, some of them to make the one journey of their lifetime to the "Motherland" that many of them never hoped to see.

Old friends who were parted in their youth, and journeyed to distant corners of the world, will meet again.

They are all here in London, and London is large enough to receive them all, to make them all welcome, knowing no distinctions of race or creed or colour—knowing only that she is pleased and proud to house so many diverse guests.

A Jewel Thief CONFESSES

DRAMATIC DISCLOSURES BY STANLEY BISHOP

Here is the first of a dramatic new series — the frank confessions of a real-life "Woman Raffles," who now admits that "the straight game is best."

Her revelations are of especial interest for the sidelights they throw upon our present-day prison system, which too often furnishes nothing more than a "school" for criminals.

SHE is a jewel thief; self-confessed and convicted. In the ranks of the professionally dishonest she takes a high place. Her nickname is "Quicksilver." For without question she is—or rather *was*—the cleverest woman in the game. A fictionally-minded detective once described her from the witness box as the "Lady Raffles."

During a long newspaper experience I have known all kinds of criminals—murderers, blackmailers, burglars, every type of rogue and vagabond.

But of all my crooked acquaintances there is none with such a vivid personality as this little woman jewel stealer.

First, she is exceptionally well educated—convent schools in France and Italy, and finishing as a student at Heidelberg, Germany. She speaks perfectly in French, German, Italian and Spanish. She has travelled the world; lived in most European countries and in America. She has wit. She has charm. She can fascinate with her conversation.

No one would take her for a thief. Indeed, that has been one of her main assets in securing the trust of employers. That with false references and forged degree certificates.

Let me introduce her—a slim-figured woman in early middle life, well dressed in quiet, good taste, clothes bought in Bond Street and Knightsbridge.

The only outward sign of her age is her slightly greying hair. Her face is much younger than her years, unlined and of good complexion, because she has lived carefully without dissipation. She has expressionable hands; an attractive smile.

Now her name; I have to give her that. Quite obviously it would be unfair to disclose her right name. Her family is still living in North London, and her elderly father is a man of business substance. A sister is the reverend mother of a convent; two other sisters are happily married.

It is also inadvisable to label her with any one of the several aliases under which she has been convicted in this country.

So the best thing to do is to adopt a pen name. Therefore, from this point onwards, and through all the amazing stories she has to tell, this expert woman jewel thief is "Blanche Finchley." The Christian name is her own; the Finchley from the suburb of her birth.

Blanche Finchley came to the Editor of JOHN BULL after her last conviction a few weeks ago because she realised her completely frank reminiscences, with nothing held back, would be of intense human interest.

And the keynote of her confessions is this: she has reached the inevitable conclusion about the wickedness and foolishness of her conduct; she admits that "the straight game is best."

Here she is at a stage of life when, in ordinary circumstances, she would be settled in a comfortable home; with a husband and children.

Instead she has lost everything. To her own relations she is dead. She has no friends worth while. She is beset with unutterable loneliness.

Her convictions are many. They range from sentences of six months, through eighteen months, to three years' penal servitude. She knows the inside of four prisons. At the moment she is on two years' probation.

On several occasions she has gathered large hauls, running to as much as £10,000 in jewellery. The most successful coups were on the Continent and in the United States.

Now the life-story of this remarkable woman has not been accepted by JOHN BULL without a check. As far as possible, we have made investigation into all her statements. Wherever a cross-reference can be secured her statements stand confirmed.

Remember that Blanche Finchley makes no excuses for her conduct. "I had every reason to go straight," she says. "There was not the slightest need for me to steal. My father was well off. I had the best possible education and careful upbringing.

"If I have any lament at all, it is that my father was perhaps too stern and out of sympathy with the temperament of his youngest daughter.

"My mother died when I was quite young. Father married again. I was sent away to convents in France and Italy for my schooling. My holidays at home were not particularly happy. I did not blend with the household ruled by a stepmother.

"Really I had no parental guidance or advice at the critical years of a girl's development into womanhood. I was a difficult, impulsive, headstrong child with no true mother. I resented my stepmother."

The first offence of Blanche Finchley was one committed without realising she was doing anything really wrong. For the harm done, the punishment was grotesquely severe—six months in Portsmouth Prison.

More understanding and humanity on the part of the magistrates towards a young woman—up to then of unblemished reputation—might have saved her from further lapses. But, like so many others, Blanche Finchley was turned into a criminal by the harshness of her sentence as a first offender.

All this happened in a year after the war. Blanche Finchley had passed her twenty-first birthday, and was working as a clerk in the headquarters of a great bank in the City of London.

During the early part of the summer her father took a furnished house at Brighton for a month, and she lived there, travelling to London and her work.

While at Brighton she met a young man, living next door, and became friendly with him. Indeed, she fell in love with him. He, as it turned out after, was an arrant young rascal.

"I was just crazy about the boy," says Blanche Finchley, continuing the narrative, "so much so that when we returned to North London, and my holidays from the bank came along later in the summer, I went back to Brighton on my own and took lodgings.

"Under his persuasion, I bought two bicycles on the hire-payment system. We cycled to race meetings at Goodwood and Lewes. My friend betted and I paid for his bets from my holiday savings.

"All my money went like that, and I was stranded without enough to pay my lodgings.

"My friend said that he would give me back the money I had spent on our excursions and his betting transactions. It was a question of waiting until he received his allowance. I believed him.

"It was essential I should have money with the debts which were pressing me. I asked that my boy friend should do something to make up my deficiency.

"He was all apologies; he could not. Was not it possible for me to get money from my father to tide over the demands? I told him that I dared not ask my father for anything; that he did not know I was at Brighton.

"Yet I had to have some money. I thought of my job at the bank, and the

(Continued on page 24)

". . . And I have come to the conclusion that the straight game is best"

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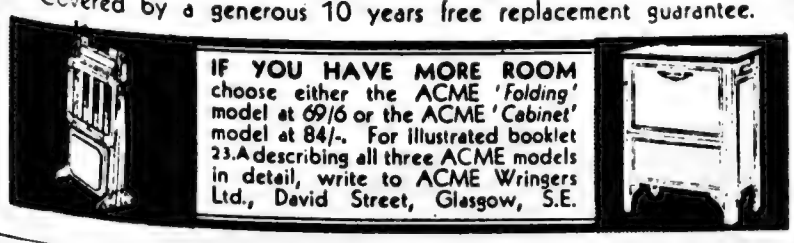

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Tripped over a Pom in the street,
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heat, beat, feet, feat, seat, meat, sheet, bleat, meet, cheat, treat, sleet, greet, fleet, sweet, tweet, suite, concrete, retreat, secrete, athlete, replete, complete, delete, deceit, discreet, defeat.

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Jewel Thief Confesses—continued

JAIL—*the* SCHOOL *of* EVIL

disgrace that would follow if I could not pay a lodging-house account.

"Why not sell the two bicycles we were buying? He told me how easy it would be if we rode to Eastbourne and made arrangements with a local cycle shop. The machines were both good, and the money I could get on them would cover my debts. It would be quite all right, for after a while when I saved up money and he paid me what was owing I could redeem the two machines.

"I did that. I sold the two hire-purchase machines, and I was so innocent in the matter that I gave my real name and address.

"The bad luck which has haunted me in small dishonesties—but not in large—began then.

"By the irony of circumstance, a lad who formerly worked for the firm from which I purchased the cycles was then in the shop where I sold them.

"Next day the police were at my Brighton address making enquiries, and I was arrested and charged with having sold property of which I was a bailee.

"It is impossible to picture my distress and terror. I did not know what I had done. I dared not communicate with my father. I was an employee of a London bank.

"Not thinking, not knowing the consequences, I told the police a rather fantastic story.

"The case came before the local Bench. The circumstances were all against me. Evidence was clear that I had arranged the hire-purchase of the two cycles, and within a short space of time was endeavouring to realise money on the machines.

"At the end, when a police officer declared there were many attempts of cycle thefts in the district, the magistrates gave me a sentence of six months' imprisonment.

"If I had been represented at the court, if my side had been urged reasonably, I know the magistrates would not have acted in such a way.

"But I was a young woman, all alone. The young man I trusted was a broken reed. He ran away, anyhow. It is easy now to say what I should have done, but I did not do it. I feared my father and I feared the bank.

"To the magistrates and the police I was just a trickster who tried to obtain money by fraud and failed. I was old enough to know better."

Six months' imprisonment was the sentence of that Sussex bench against a girl of twenty-one, of good family and good employment.

Thus she found herself in Portsmouth Prison, which was then a dual prison for men as well as women. To-day it is an establishment for preventive detention.

The prison experience to a girl of convent education was terrifying.

"What are you in for?" the other women prisoners all asked in their furtive conversations with this pretty, frightened girl.

The things she heard and the things she learnt in prison filled her with revulsion. In the cell next to her was an abortionist, and on the other side a woman serving a term for bigamy.

Down in the laundry where she worked she found herself among prostitutes from Portsmouth, and thieves.

"I still shudder," says Blanche Finchley, "at the anecdotes I heard from those prisoners.

"I learned things that completed my criminal education. I learned how to dispose of stolen goods. I learned how to victimise old men with no possibility of reaction. I learned the way of the police and the methods of detectives.

"The evil I absorbed as a girl undergoing her first imprisonment cannot be estimated.

"If I ever came to write an instruction book on crime, I would give two chapters to Portsmouth Prison.

"We in the women's block were in constant communication with the male prisoners.

"Although I was a novice, I received a number of letters from men in the prison. I tore them up, because they were in the main just horrible.

"One man, however, proposed a serious partnership—he had seen and liked me at chapel—in messages written on toilet paper and inserted in the potatoes of my dinner ration.

"Instructions were given to me in these messages as to where I was to go on release, and the place where I could pick up stolen money.

"Remember, all these suggestions of crime were being forced into my mind when I was 'hovering'—that is the only word.

"Yet at heart I was still essentially clean and honest—in spite of my first delinquency—though mentally I was in tumult.

"The horror of six months' imprisonment was wearing me down. I was stubbornly resentful towards the punishment. I said to myself, 'It is all so unfair.'

"I was being pushed by my environment towards the brink. I was gradually becoming an enemy of society."

At the end of her sentence, Blanche Finchley, aged twenty-one, found herself discharged with the good wishes and advice of the governor and with ten shillings in her purse.

She also found herself armed with advice as to where stolen property is hidden, and with hints as to the identity of a woman who needed an assistant for shoplifting!

She would not go home because of the disgrace brought on the family. Her bank job, of course, was finished.

What could she do? She returned to Brighton, and linked up with her bad-influence boy friend.

She lived for a while by sponging on the generosity of an elderly curio merchant. The teachings of Portsmouth Prison were absorbed.

The money the old man gave her was spent on racing and the boy friend. When the old man realised he was spending his money to no purpose Blanche Finchley stole a ring from the aunt of her boy friend, and obtained £80 by pawning it.

It was such a grotesque, amateurish theft that she was arrested within a few days. She was before the magistrates again, and, although defended properly on this charge, received—justifiably—another sentence of six months' imprisonment at Portsmouth.

"Back already?" asked the long-service prisoners when Blanche Finchley returned. "What are you in for this time?

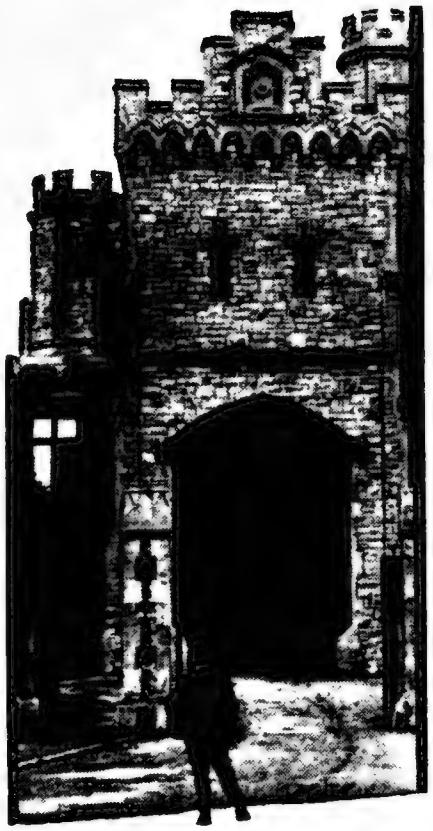
"You stole a ring and pawned it? Of course you were caught! You should never do things like that. You're just easy for the 'splits' (detectives). Just listen to me——"

And in a variety of undertone prison conversations she learned then the methods of policemen; how to overcome them, and also the proper way of distributing stolen goods.

Thus her second sentence meant only further lessons in crime. There was no escape. Almost daily she picked up more hints, until she became the trained woman crook—educated in a prison school!

Good-bye to Portsmouth once again, and Blanche Finchley, aged now twenty-two, pretty, fascinating, light-fingered, immoral about property, embarked on a serious crime escapade.

In my next article I tell of her accomplishments.



Portsmouth Jail, where "Lady Raffles" learned her lessons in crime

Next week:
MY BIGGEST HAULS

"Greatest of These"

AT this Coronation time when crowns are much to the fore, we may very well have a look at our own "crown of life," and take stock of the jewels that enrich it. Some of our readers have added lovely jewels to their crowns by sending donations over and over again for the help of those in distress. Here is another opportunity to add a precious stone. . . .

An ex-Naval man, now a farm labourer earning 30s. a week after his stamps are deducted, who, though not strong, walks about five miles to his work and five miles back to save expense, is up against it.

He has five children, the eldest thirteen and the youngest two years old. His rent is 10s. 8d. a week. His wife writes that during the recent bad weather her husband lost time, which meant loss of money, with the result that she got into debt for food. Her creditors are pressing her to pay up.

Last December her husband was ill with gastritis, and clothing and bedding had to be pawned.

Both husband and wife have the reputation of being hard-working, straightforward and honest, sparing no pains in the upbringing of their children.

A few pounds to clear their debts would make this Coronation a time of real joy to themselves and their children.

Donations earmarked "Crown," for our ex-Naval man's family, or those for the General Fund, which needs enriching, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

HERE'S A TREAT FOR THE ACADEMY

People's tastes differ—but it's hard to find a person who doesn't love the taste of Pan Yan. And Pan Yan has something else besides flavour—it is specially blended to stimulate digestion and to help you get *more nourishment* from your food.

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AERO stimulates the enzyme flow

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WHAT A DAY to step out! The whole world glistens as you swing down the road to bold adventure. But footsteps slow as the day wears on — energy flags. Suddenly you tire — you're 'done.' That's the moment to get a quick 'lift' with Aero — the new kind of chocolate that gives you fresh energy quickly.

There's a good reason for this. Aero is quickly and easily digested. It has a wonderful new 'honeycomb' texture, a texture so light and smooth that Aero literally melts in your mouth. You get Aero's full, exciting flavour right away, without any cloying after-taste.

Put a block of Aero in your knapsack the very next time you're hiking — and get a quick 'lift' as soon as you're feeling tired.

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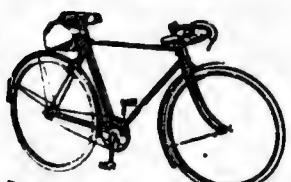

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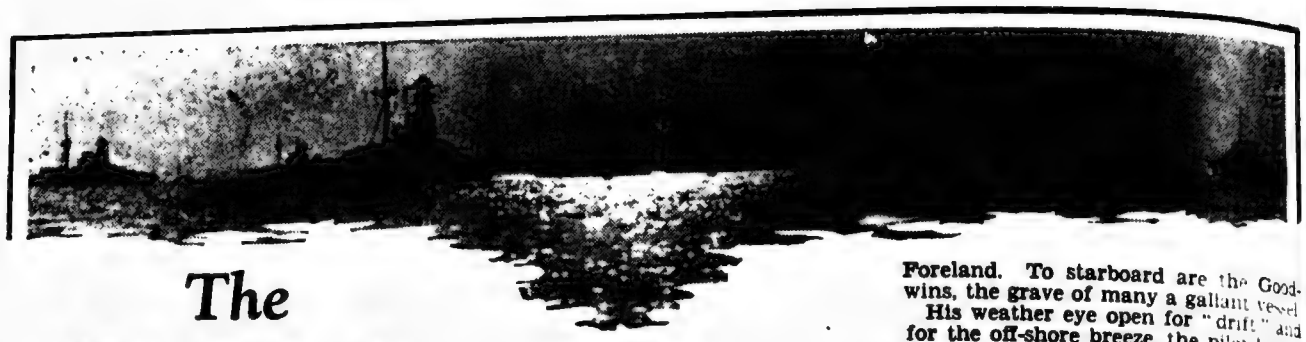
All he needs is a spring-conditioning course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which contain the natural blood correctives that a dog in his wild state would find for himself in certain herbs and grasses. For forty-five years experienced people have given their dogs this springtime course — three Bob Martin's a day for a week.

Don't risk your dog's health any longer. **Every day as the sun grows warmer, his danger becomes greater.** Get a packet of Bob Martin's NOW. You can get them for 6d. and 1/- from all chemists and dog shops.

Bob Martin's
CONDITION POWDERS
For better health, better coat, better spirits



The FLEET Comes to Town

FATHER THAMES, with its thousand-years-old tradition of vessels great and small, is astir with the news of the arrival of the Royal Navy into the Port o' London for Coronation Week!

A squadron of battleships off Southend, cruisers at anchor off Greenwich, submarines off Woolwich, and sloops and destroyers in Galleons Reach and in Execution Dock.

A thrill for Southenders when they see the *Royal Oak*, 29,000 tons of steel and mighty guns, with her anchors dropped in the Mother of Rivers; a great day for the pilots of Gravesend and Dungeness, a feather in the cap of the Port of London Authority.

For it's a long time since giant warships came to anchor above the Nore, a longer time still since cruisers sat astride the Thames at the entrance to Millwall Dock Basin, home of sail and rusted freighters from the ends of the earth.

And what a thrill for the pilot who steps from the narrow bridge of Destroyer Flotilla Leader, *H.M.S. Exmouth*, when she shows her White Ensign off the Tower of London itself, her bows to London Bridge, in the very heart of the metropolis!

A wonderful feat of navigation and a battle of wits with tide and current will then have been accomplished, equalled only by the task of bringing the cruiser *Cairo* up to Greenwich with the immaculate *Encounter*.

The Thames is one of the trickiest rivers to navigate in the world. Abounding with shoals and sandbanks, bending left and turning right, her fairway ever in conflict, as witness the warning buoys and lights on every hand.

There's many a skipper would prefer the notorious River Hooghly to Calcutta, or the swiftly flowing Parana from Buenos Aires to Santa Fé. And though they may visit the Port of London many times a year, they take advantage of the Pilot Service.

With big ships, of course, a pilot is compulsory, and though the Admiralty exempts its commanders, it prefers them not to take risks. Thus the honour of bringing warships into the Thames is much sought after among men of the pilot service.

The drama begins in the small hours of the morning off Dungeness with a long blast and a short one on the siren, the flare of a blue light, the hoisting of the "Pilot Jack." And putting a pilot on board a ship with a heavy swell astern is a dangerous business.

But however bad the weather, the pilot cutter stands by. In storm or calm or fog, the tradition of the "Service" from the Barrier Reef to the Hooghly is maintained.

The pilots of Dungeness bring the big ships to the river and take them out to sea again. The London river pilots take them to the upper reaches of the Thames.

Outgoing pilots sometimes find it impossible to get ashore again, but not often. Pilot Aherne brought a ship from Queenstown Harbour and was carried on to Plymouth. London pilots have found themselves at sea before to-day. Liverpool pilots have been carried on to New York.

It is not so long since Pilot Officers Coursens and Hounsell, of Weymouth, were drowned when their cockleshell craft capsized after taking a big ship out to sea.

The Channel pilot has done his job—the river pilot now takes charge, bringing the great warship safely to anchor in its allotted place in the Thames

But getting out to board a big ship and leaving her is only part of the business. The duty of the Dungeness pilots is to know the thousand secrets of the English Channel, the scattered wrecks, the treacherous Goodwin Sands.

A pilot cutter cruises alongside a towering battleship —or, it may be, a freighter in from the River Plate—and a line is taken in from the ship to be secured to the dinghy.

A frail enough craft to span the gulf between the stalwart cutter and the big ship, the sea piling mountains in between, yet the dinghy with the pilot on board is towed to leeward to where the Jacob's Ladder swings perilously.

A slip means death, but in all weathers and winds the procedure is the same. Climbing the Jacob's Ladder in the darkness is work for an acrobat. The pilot in his half-wellington boots, his light, fleece-lined oilskins and sou'wester, hangs over the sea for a moment, then he steps on to the bridge.

He takes charge of the ship, but not command of her. He is there to advise but not to supersede the commander.

At the wheel the ship's quartermaster remains at his post, but the Service pilot gives orders, and he stands by the engine-room telegraph.

That light beaming astern is Beachy Head. The light flashing each alternate second off the port bow is the South Foreland. To starboard are the Goodwins, the grave of many a gallant vessel.

His weather eye open for "drift" and for the off-shore breeze, the pilot has to watch the manner in which his charge responds to her helm. He knows that the green quick-flashing light marks a "wreck," that the light flashing five times a minute is the North Foreland.

Hard to port past the lightship that marks the entrance to the Thames. And *H.M.S. Revenge*, for example, swings into the hidden channel between Long Sands and the Shingles.

The commander has no objection to the pilot taking charge. The service pilot, like himself, is a master mariner with many years' experience at sea, and above all, an expert local knowledge. He doubtless has served an apprenticeship under sail. He is licensed by the Elder Brethren of Trinity House.

Battleships to anchor off Southend, cruisers to be handed over to the river pilots at Gravesend, it's all the same to him, though taking a man-o'-war into the Port o' London is an entirely different matter from piloting a tramp steamer with antiquated engines and a deck cargo on board.

Vessels of the Royal Navy answer beautifully, though they are so powerful. They have all the might that science can afford, yet they are sensitive to touch.

Thus London will awaken to find the Navy on a visit! The Dungeness pilots will have brought the big ships and the small ships into the river and returned to their station.

Theirs is a busy life, for 25,000 vessels come into London in the course of a year.

It is the river pilots who will manœuvre the smaller craft into position. The sloops *Fleetwood* and *Ivanhoe* will be guided through the narrow winding channel past Greenhithe and Rotherhithe to George's Stair Pier, the destroyer *Escapade* will lie at Woolwich and the submarine *Starfish* will come to rest at Katherine Dock.

The job of bringing part of the Fleet into the River Thames has been described as a "piece of work as tricky as getting the 42,000 ton liner *Empress of Britain* into the Yangtze at Hankow," a fact confirmed by the mishap when the destroyer *Wishart* came up to London Bridge the other day in preparation for the King's journey to Greenwich to open the National Maritime Museum.

She was manœuvring a turn when she came into collision with a collier. The damage was slight, but the incident affords a slight insight into the risks.

But the Dungeness and river pilots can be trusted to see their great job through. And Jack Tar will be the first to raise his hat to these sou'westered men of that other "Silent Service" whose job it is to know the estuary and the channel of London's mighty river.

Keep it under your hat. 45

Yes, Sir! BRYLCREEM will keep your hair on! For BRYLCREEM is the perfect Hair Dressing. It contains no gum, no starch, no soap, only pure natural oils and tonic ingredients to give your hair all the gloss and silkiness that is the hallmark of health. And more, BRYLCREEM keeps your hair in position all day without giving it that 'plastered' appearance.

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A stands for Apples the————you'll find, From Hereford orchards, the best of their kind. B is for Bulmer's the people who————, Out the Juice from those apples picked————from the trees. C stands for Cider and ———— the rest, For apples and Bulmer's make cider the best!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

Write on a postcard what you consider are the best words to complete this advertisement. Add your own name and address and the name and address of your local cider supplier. Send to H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B.3, Hereford, before May 13th, 1937. In the top left-hand corner of the stamped side write the word COMPETITION. A Solid Silver Cider Tankard will be awarded to each of the 25 best entries in the opinion of Mr. Bulmer, whose decision is final. Results will be published in the "Daily Herald" on May 21.

Ah! Bulmer's Cider

BULMER'S 'WOODPECKER' (Medium Sweet) or BULMER'S DRY, IN 5-GLASS FLAGONS 10½D A FLAGON (England & Walesonly) 1/- in Scotland.

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WEEK BY WEEK THE DEMAND INCREASES

more and more smokers are saying:

'BETTER BUY **CAPSTAN** *they're blended better*

IMAGINE YOURSELF, a Londoner, strolling along the Embankment. In front of you, a man and girl are walking. As you pass them, you hear a snatch of their conversation: "—they really *are* blended better, you know." Next day she, also, tries Capstan—and likes them . . . And so it goes on . . . and on . . . We supply the cigarettes smokers demand.

W. D. & H. O. Wills.

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. CC66E

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Make sure of
the programmes with

Exide
AND
Drydex
batteries for your radio

'Still keep going when the rest have stopped'

R.232

Violent headaches

are nature's warning

BANISH CONSTIPATION!

Violent and frequent headaches are usually due to a poisoned system—unsuspected constipation. This means that the whole 35 feet of your intestinal tract is clogged with poisonous waste matter. This poison is quickly absorbed by the system and results not only in headaches but indigestion, dizzy spells, bad skin and eventually serious illness. Feen-a-mint will bring you to the very peak of energetic health, because only Feen-a-mint is made so that it mixes with the natural saliva and cleanses your entire system *thoroughly, naturally* and *pleasantly.*

Fifteen Million satisfied users.

Feen-a-mint *looks* different, its *action* is different, it *is* different from any other laxative. That is why there are over 15 million satisfied users of Feen-a-mint. Its fresh mint flavour makes it the ideal family laxative. Sold in 1/3 packets everywhere, or for free sample send 1½d. stamp for postage to White's Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. V.5.), 15, Thames House, London, S.W.1.

FEEN-A-MINT

WITH THE CLEAN MINT FLAVOUR

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 315,338, Mr. R. Walker, 20, Jubilee St., Saville St., Wakefield, Yorks.

The Man who Dug by Night

WITH the increased facilities for transportation the isolation of villages has, in many cases, disappeared. Motorists, hikers, and sightseers generally, have invaded the remotest villages.

This invasion has done much to eliminate the rustic's mistrust of strangers. But there still exists in many villages in Britain a suspicion that anybody who is outside of the village clan is not to be trusted.

In this story, Mr. Walker relates an experience he had many years ago in a little Cornish village. It illustrates something of the inherent fear simple country folk have of people from the world outside their ken.

"I had gone down to Cornwall for a rest," he began. "With me was a colleague who was fond of walking and fishing, and it was on his advice that I decided to spend my holiday in Cornwall.

"We rented a little cottage on the fringe of the village for next to nothing. It was situated in a lonely lane about a quarter of a mile from the village.

"There was another cottage in the lane. It stood a considerable way from the road, and was almost obscured by foliage.

"At the time I was there it was occupied by a scientist. As far as I was able to ascertain, he specialised in anthropology.

"From all accounts, he was a very mysterious individual whose nocturnal movements pointed to his indulging in some sinister practices.

"In the local pub villagers exchanged theories which defined the stranger as being a murderer who used his lonely cottage to destroy the remains of his victims.

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"Various tradesmen who had visited the cottage told stories of the occupier's strange personal appearance and of his eccentric habits. He was said to be a tall, gaunt man with long white hair, a prematurely wrinkled face and a pair of wild eyes.

"With him was a manservant who was equally as sinister in his appearance. These two individuals were alleged to live in complete silence. Orders for goods were written down and handed to the tradesmen without comment.

"At night they could be seen working in the back garden. From the sound of their implements, it was inferred that they were digging. Once or twice in the early hours of the morning a labourer had seen lights burning.

"About this time, the country was appalled by various murders. Bodies had been discovered in trunks, young girls had disappeared mysteriously from their homes, and newspapers were full of stories dealing with clues which promised to solve the murders.

"When we arrived at the place it was buzzing with excitement. The local people were convinced that the mysterious strangers were murderers, and were on the point of demanding police intervention.

"Being something of an amateur criminologist, these exciting rumours intrigued me. The more I heard of them the more inclined I was to believe them. Rumour has this effect on one.

"It seems that once the seed is planted, it grows and grows in one's mind until, at length, one thinks in terms of its being true.

"It was the same with me. Every new rumour I heard, the more convinced I was that my neighbours were doing something sinister. My friend was the same. He agreed with me that the men had something mysterious on hand. We figured that there was a particular reason for their working through the night. What was it? After much debate we agreed that it was odd indeed for people living in the country to work at such unearthly hours. In the end we decided to make some private investigations on our own.

"In a field at the back of the scientist's cottage it was, we found, quite easy to get a good view of what was going on in the back garden. The hedge that separated the garden from the field was thick, so that it was possible for anybody to hide without fear of being seen.

"The night we made observation was very warm. We left our cottage about nine, made a detour across several fields and finally came to the hedge. It was, except for starlight, very dark.

"There was a light in the back ground floor room of the cottage when we arrived, but no sign of anybody moving about. Making a comfortable place in the hedge, we sat down and stared through a hole in the bushes. About us everything was deathly silent. Sitting there for an hour concentrating on the house created in me an uncanny feeling. I suppose that was due to an expectation on my part that something startling would happen.

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"Presently a breeze got up. With this came startling murmurs in the trees and bushes. Listening to these had the effect of making me feel uncomfortable.

"After a while my fancy got the better of me. I could make out of the noises whole phrases until I began to believe that they were uttered by real people. Meanwhile, nothing unusual happened on the other side of the hedge.

"We must have been there two hours before we saw a tall figure of a man emerge from the back door. He picked his way down the garden with the aid of a hurricane lamp, and finally halted about twenty yards from where we were sitting.

"The sight of him set my heart thumping rapidly against my ribs. Then in my excitement I felt myself trembling in every limb. A swift glance at my friend told me that he was no more composed than I.

"Both of us were now sitting bolt upright and staring at the man. The light of the lamp exposed a huge heap of soil consistent with somebody having dug a deep hole in the ground. Presently, another man came out of the house carrying a pick and shovel. As he joined the other he said something which we were unable to understand.

"For the next hour or so the men occupied themselves with digging. The hole in which they worked must have been very deep, for neither of them was visible.

"When at last we saw the men again we involuntarily crouched behind the bushes.

"'It is just as I thought,' the man who had left the house first said. 'There's nothing there. I will take the bones with me to London to-morrow.' With that they both walked up the garden, and subsequently vanished in the house.

"When they were gone my friend turned to me and said: 'What do you say to our creeping up the garden and peeping in the window to see what they are up to?'

"'Supposing they see us or hear us?' I commented.

"'We'll chance that,' he returned. 'If the worse comes to the worst we can always run for it.'

"So it was decided that we did that. Lower down the field we found a hole in the hedge. With much difficulty we scrambled through this and entered the garden. Taking great pains not to make a noise, we crept up the garden.

"When we, at last, reached the window we were held spellbound by the sight of a tall man clad in an old dressing-gown bending over a table on which were an assortment of bones. Judging by their size they looked to me like human bones.

"Suddenly we were startled by the sound of footsteps. It appeared that somebody was walking up the front path. After a slight pause, a bell rang. The man at the table looked up puzzled-like. Then, placing a sheet over the bones, he left the room.

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"About three minutes later he returned, followed by a constable.

"'I suspected that something foolish like this was afoot,' we heard the man say. 'These local people are idiots. Why the devil can't they mind their own business?'

"'You don't mind me doing my duty, I hope,' the officer said.

"'Not at all,' the other added. 'Well, the truth of my alleged mysterious occupation is this: I am interested in anthropology. A few weeks after I arrived here, I found some bones—I was digging the garden. They resembled human bones, as a matter of fact they may be, but I shan't know until to-morrow.'

"A day or two later, we heard from the constable himself that our neighbour was quite a respectable citizen. What annoyed the officer was all the extra work the local gossip had made for him."

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STOMACH AGONY
ended in a day

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It is undoubtedly an ailment common from the chairman of the greatest company in the Kingdom to the workman of every grade. Few men—perhaps still fewer women—are nowadays immune from nervous strain. The hurry no less than the worry of modern life exacts a heavy toll.

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The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 33.

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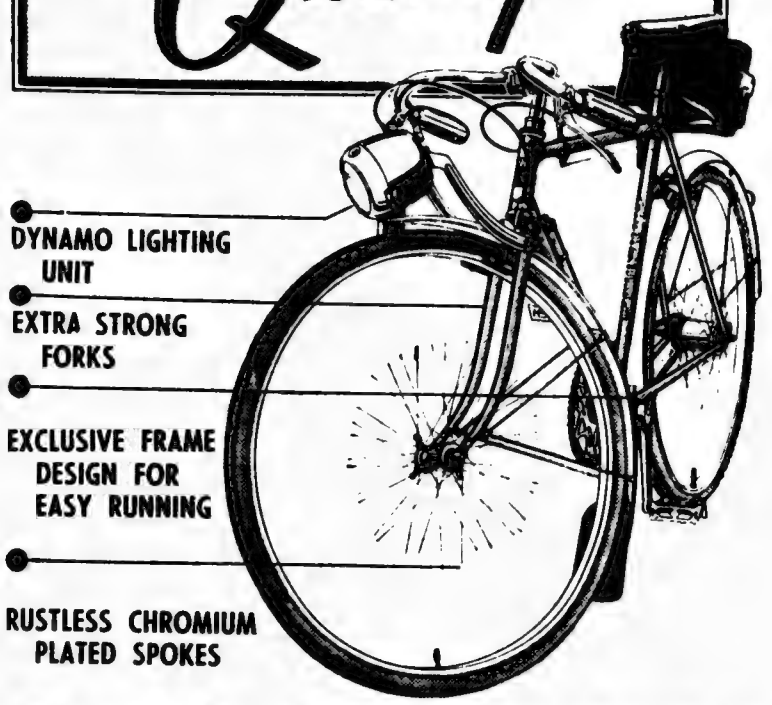

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Do YOU get Indigestion?

"I suffered so much with indigestion," writes Mrs. Singleton, of Bow, "that I dreaded mealtimes coming round. I was *afraid* to eat. Since taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia I can eat anything. My husband also suffered for years with Gastric Ulcers, but since taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia he has been free from pain."

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MAGIC of the Mulberry BUSH

FOUR thousand five hundred years ago, or thereabouts, a young Chinese princess was standing by a mulberry bush in her garden, when she noticed a large caterpillar spinning its golden strands.

"I want a gown spun from that!" was her command. And, it being China, and she being a very spoilt princess, it was so. The gown was spun.

The foregoing is legend: the following is fact. A few months ago about a million and a quarter silkworms set to work, at Lullingstone Castle, Kent, and spun some 200 lb. of fine, all-British silk, which will be worn as Coronation robes by our Queen and her two royal sisters.

For the looms of a London firm have woven that silk into yards of exquisite satin and velvet.

The story of the intervening four and a half thousand years is a romance in itself. Having discovered the beauty of silk, the Chinese kept it a closely guarded secret for 2,350 years, death being the penalty for anyone who dared to betray it.

In 150 B.C. the daughter of a Chinese Emperor took the secret with her to Japan, where it was guarded even more jealously for a further 750 years, and it was not until A.D 522 that the outside world learned anything of any real value about sericulture.

Then two Greek monks, so the story goes, succeeded in smuggling some of the precious moths' eggs in their hollowed walking-sticks. These they took to the Emperor Justinian, which gentleman was extremely grateful, because silk was then far more valuable than gold.

The eggs were hatched, the worms thrived, and the industry was born in Asia, whence it has spread, with the centuries, throughout Europe, finally reaching England. Why England never went ahead with sericulture two hundred and fifty years ago nobody seems to know. King James II imported mulberry trees for that very purpose, and, as many people have seen, those same trees still flourish in various parts of the country, giants now, and laden with mulberries every year.

That fact has proved all along that the worms' food will grow, and the hardiness of the worm itself is proved painfully every season by schoolboys, who breed them for fun in all manner of conditions.

The silkworm, so experts say, requires clean quarters, plenty of air, food, and shade; schoolboys prove that it does very well under a tumbler, in the blazing sun!

It remained for Lady Hart Dyke to take up the problem seriously, which she did in 1933. That first year some 125,000 eggs were imported from Italy, European centre of silkworm knowledge, and hatched in an office in the West End of London.

Mulberry bushes had also been imported from Italy, but the worms proved to be such voracious feeders that the leaves from the newly planted trees ran short.

King James' trees came to the rescue. The worms had another trick up their sleeves, however. When they are ready to spin they start to climb, and they expect plenty of branches; but the branches were a bit late arriving, so the worms used the walls, the ceiling, and, in fact, everything handy, and the office was festooned with cocoons.

When the caterpillars hatch they are the size of minute pencil-marks. Then they start to eat. They eat for five days without a break, and then they change their skins, which takes them a day.

Their second and third "ages" last six and seven days respectively, with a day off after each for a new skin, and, after another "age" of six days, they sleep for two days, waking up in still another skin for the final feast.

This lasts for eight days or more, and by that time they have really learned how to eat. From their almost microscopic size they have grown to about the thickness of a pencil, and are about one and a half inches long.

From then on, swelling rapidly, after eating about twenty times their own weight in leaves, they reach the size of a little finger. Then they climb—and spin.

And that is the last they know about things.

In their wild state they change into chrysalids, and from chrysalids into moths, eating their way through the silken cocoon into the sunlight.

But they have no such luck in captivity. If the moth was allowed to hatch, and to eat its way out, the silk would be cut up into thousands of little pieces, an inch or so in length, and absolutely worthless.

So, while the embryo moth is still asleep in the chrysalis stage, the cocoons are baked or steamed, and the silk is reeled off.

Before reeling, the cocoons are soaked in warm water to loosen the natural gum, and then the threads from six cocoons are caught up, and wound together on large reels, eventually forming hanks of the raw product.

Each silkworm spins about a mile and a quarter of silk, so it takes four worms to spin a mile of useful silk strand—or twenty-four worms to a mile of six-ply as used in some silk stockings.

Lady Hart Dyke with some of the Coronation robes made from her silkworms

Actually there are twenty-two miles of silkworm thread in an average pair of stockings—or quite a lot of mulberry leaves!

Lady Hart Dyke, who has started this new industry in England after so many years, has had many difficulties to overcome.

First was the question of the mulberry bushes.

But to-day, three years after the first form opened its microscopic eyes to English daylight, nearly thirty thousand bushes have been imported, and are growing in the large grounds of Lullingstone Castle.

Next year there will be a larger appetite, and more bushes.

Reeling the silk, too, presented its problems. At first it was necessary to send the cocoons to Italy. The Italians charged duty on the cocoons, reeled the silk, sent it back to England, and the English Customs charged still more duty on the raw product in a typically helpful, English manner.

All that is altered now, however. An entire wing of the castle has been taken over by the silkworms, and four reeling machines deal with as much silk as they can spin. This year the new industry will receive a good send-off, when the British-spun, British-reeled, British-woven silk adorns the members of our Royal Family at the Coronation.

Next year, who knows? The all-British silkworm may have a very big and fashionable future.

THEY LAUGHED!

IT was only a small fire in a Hertfordshire home. The damage totalled a few pounds. But it was not the loss that annoyed the victim of it most.

It was the fact that when friends asked him if he was insured, and he replied that he had protected himself against such eventualities by signing a form at no cost whatsoever, they merely laughed.

He told them that when his wife broke her arm nine years before he had claimed under the same scheme, and the claim had been promptly met.

Even that did not dispel their incredulity.

In the end he invited them to become insured and see what happened—to which they replied that they would rather wait and see what happened.

Well, he sent in a notification to JOHN BULL about it—for it was our Free Family Insurance scheme that was the subject of discussion—and before long our cheque was in his hands.

There's no reason why *you* shouldn't secure protection *now*. All that is necessary is your signature on a coupon, and you can turn to it now on page 2.

Fitness through the forties

"Ah! that reminds me to **Get Gibbs!"**

It's Super-Fatted!

Super-fatting means a lot to all shavers. It is *essential* to those with tender skins. The extra enrichment, and the pure ingredients of Gibbs Super-Fatted Shaving Cream ensures a quick creamy lather — which stays moist. You get a clean, close shave.
Your face is left cool and comfortable as if massaged with cold cream.

CHANGE TO GIBBS TO-DAY!

GIBBS SUPER-FATTED **SHAVING CREAM**

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1.

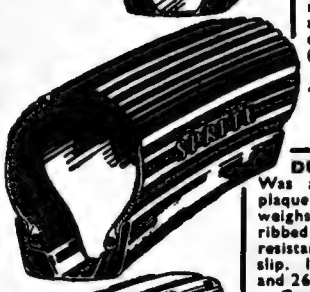
GS49B

NO SPORTS TYRE IS SO FAST AS A . . . .

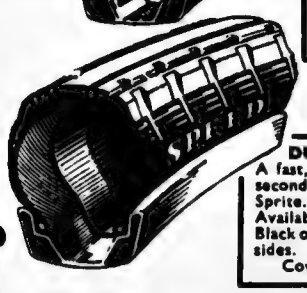
DUNLOP

That's the considered opinion of every experienced cyclist, racer or clubman—the fellows who know how to get the most out of their machines with the least expenditure of cash and energy.

DUNLOP SPRITE TANDEM
Smaller size weighs only 23 ozs. Fine ribbed tread gives minimum rolling resistance and maximum grip when cornering. Size 26" x 1¼" (Tandem), 26" x 1¾" (Tandem) Cover 8/6. Tube 2/6.



DUNLOP SPRITE
Was awarded the C.T.C. plaque. The smaller size weighs only 16 ozs. The fine ribbed tread reduces rolling resistance and prevents side-slip. In two sizes, 26" x 1¼" and 26" x 1¾". Cover 7/6. Tube 2/6.



DUNLOP SPEED
A fast, light and lively tyre second only to the Dunlop Sprite. Ideal for fast touring. Available in Translucent, Black or Red with translucent sides. Cover 7/-. Tube 2/6.

Fit **DUNLOP**

The first and fastest tyres in the World

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM. *Branches throughout the World.*

C.F.H.

COOLNESS
the secret of a 'fishy' story

and of a good tobacco

LLOYD'S' BONDMAN

is always COOL and FRESH

• BONDMAN RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½D per oz. EMPIRE BLEND 10D per oz.

IT'S PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

MILK PUDDINGS with NESTLÉ'S MILK are richer

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.— even bugs*

• For over half a century KEATINGS POWDER has proved the best and safest insecticide for the home, for poultry, dogs and all pets. Invaluable when sprinkled in furs, clothes, bedding, etc., as a preventative against moth. *Kills Green Fly.*
— But it must be KEATINGS

Cartons 2d., 6d., 1/. Powder Flasks 1/-

NO KISSES
FOR ROUGH "HARDWORK HANDS"
JOAN'S PRETTY ISN'T SHE?
YES, BUT HAVE YOU NOTICED HER HANDS - THEY'RE AWFUL!
NEXT DAY AT WORK
THIS MACHINE WORK RUINS MY HANDS— HOW DO YOU KEEP YOURS SO NICE?
IT'S EASY JOAN - I JUST SMOOTH ON A LITTLE 'VASELINE' JELLY LAST THING EVERY NIGHT
SIX MONTHS LATER
THE RING LOOKS LOVELY ON YOUR SOFT WHITE HAND, JOAN DARLING

HOUSEWORK ruins hands, too

Do you know that housework, scrubbing and washing-up, dries the natural oils out of your skin? "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly replaces these oils, and keeps your hands smooth and soft. Just a little, last thing at night, makes your hands lovely. You'll never have rough 'Housework Hands.' Jars 4½d., 6d., 9d. Also in handy tubes. Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

TRADE Vaseline MARK
Petroleum Jelly
every day

2771-I

Operation ordered at once for PILES • but NEMOLIN saved him!

IF you suffer from piles, you'll readily understand the predicament of this London man. Tortured with itching, bleeding piles, he was finally told that only the surgeon's knife could cure him. "Two years ago", writes his son, "my father was ordered to hospital for immediate operation for piles. He did not agree, and decided to try 'Nemolin' Ointment, with the result that he improved wonderfully, and avoided the operation. 'Nemolin' in his case was almost miraculous". (W. F. C., London).

Why run the risk of the knife when there's such a safe and sure remedy available? All chemists sell 'Nemolin' Ointment at 3/- a tube—relief is guaranteed or your money promptly refunded.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS—BY PHILIP INMAN

The Other Man's BURDEN

The baby holds the upper hand when he is concerned in love tangles which need unravelling

SOME folk's lives are just like a jig-saw puzzle. It has been my task for some years now to try to fit the pieces in the right places. Misunderstandings have been cleared away, peace and happiness have been re-established in the home, the difficulties of young people have been solved.

When that happens the picture becomes complete. But here is one of the most difficult puzzles I have ever had to unravel. A young man writes:

My twin brother is married to a splendid wife and they have two children. Now I am sorry to say that he has got a single girl into trouble. In order to be of help I saw this girl and she told me that she was in love with my brother and would like to marry him.

I pointed out that this was impossible, and then a thought occurred to me. I am quite prepared to marry this girl myself, as she seems a decent sort, and I feel we might be very happy. By doing this it would stop her from applying for a paternity order against my brother, which would ruin his home life.

What do you advise me to do, for I will gladly abide by your decision? Shall I marry the girl, give her child my name and hope that we shall learn to care for each other? Or shall I let my brother reap what he has sown?

As things are, I can't advise this young man to marry that girl, though I appreciate his desire to help his brother. Marriage is a serious business.

Once the step had been taken my correspondent might regret it. He would regret it if it turned out badly. And how could it do otherwise if the girl is in love with his brother? It would inevitably lead to misery all round.

★★ Is there anything, then, this young man can do? Well, he has met this girl, he finds her a "decent sort," he thinks they "might be happy together." There is no reason why he should not cultivate that acquaintance. They might learn to care genuinely for one another.

If these two should fall in love there is still the question of the child. In that event I think arrangements should be made to have it adopted.

The poor little mite would be better off if a good home could be found for it. And it would give the families the chance to start afresh.

Some of my readers will remember the song with the words, "Let's forget, the girls I met, before I met you." It came to mind on reading this letter:

I have just celebrated the tenth anniversary of married life and my wife and I have been ideally happy. Before my marriage I was a loose-living man, spending all my wages on drink and on a woman who was ten years my senior. Fortunately for me, my firm transferred me to this district, where I eventually met my wife.

Two years of courtship ensued, in which I gave up the drink and lived a decent and clean life. That condition, I am proud to say, I have maintained up to the present time. Imagine my horror and dismay on meeting recently my old acquaintance in this town. Somehow she has found out that I am happily married and threatens to tell my wife of my unsavoury past if I do not meet her and resume our acquaintance on the old lines.

That, of course, is impossible, and yet I can't tell my wife of my past. I fear the shock would disrupt our whole future. As it is, my wife has noticed that I am worried, and now she is worrying herself, thinking that I am in trouble and will not confide in her. Is it possible that you can advise me?

I advise this man to tell his wife the whole story. That will remove the fear of the disclosure coming from this woman or from anybody else. Two points should be remembered. The first is that since he met his wife—twelve years ago—he has lived a straight and decent life.

And the second, that he was young and single when that association was formed and no doubt he was led into it by a woman ten years his senior. Supposing my correspondent does not take my advice—what then? By agreeing to that woman's demands he would place himself more and more in her power.

His wife would, I am sure, prefer to have his confidence than to feel that something is wrong and be kept in ignorance of it.

Then together those two can defy that woman to do her worst.

★★ There are some cases where it is extremely difficult to know what to do for the best. My next is one of them. The letter comes from a woman reader, and she says:

I have a widowed sister, who has become friendly with a so-called "widower," though I happen to know that he has a wife living from whom he is separated, as she will not divorce him. My sister thinks a lot of this man and they have even discussed the possibility of getting married.

I would tell her the truth about him myself, but her doctor has warned me that she should be spared any shocks, as her health is very precarious. In fact, she has been given only eighteen months or two years to live. I am sure this man is only after her money.

Now this is my difficulty: Should I remain silent and allow her to be happy for the short time she has to live or should I tell her what I know? The danger of taking the latter step is that she may think I want to create trouble between her and this man, so that I shall get her money. I have noticed just lately that she seems to misconstrue everything I say.

I take it that my correspondent has evidence to show that this man has a wife living. It would be a serious matter to make such a statement without definite proof. If there is no doubt about it, then he must be a scoundrel.

The problem is complicated because of the warning of the doctor. I think my correspondent should first of all have a chat with that medical man. He would know what the effect of such a disclosure would be upon his patient. If he thinks that she might be told without undue danger, then his course is clear.

She must tell that man very plainly that for her sister's sake she will not allow his deception to continue. She can remind him that the friendship has been gained and retained by false pretences. And she can give him an ultimatum that unless he tells her sister himself by a certain date she will do so for him.

By adopting a firm attitude she may warn him off. It would certainly prevent him from talking any more about marriage. And that sister may be disappointed and of her own accord bring off the friendship.

Send your private problem to "Human Documents" at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

£2,500 PRIZE

It is everybody's duty to further the cause of Road Safety. "It may be YOUR child next," said a slogan, and here is an opportunity for every JOHN BULL reader to play a part in putting Safety First foremost in the minds of everyone by entering the *Daily Herald* £2,500 Safety First Competition.

All entrants are asked to do is to choose from a list of twenty-eight the twelve points which contribute most towards road safety, and the winner will receive the First Prize of £2,500.

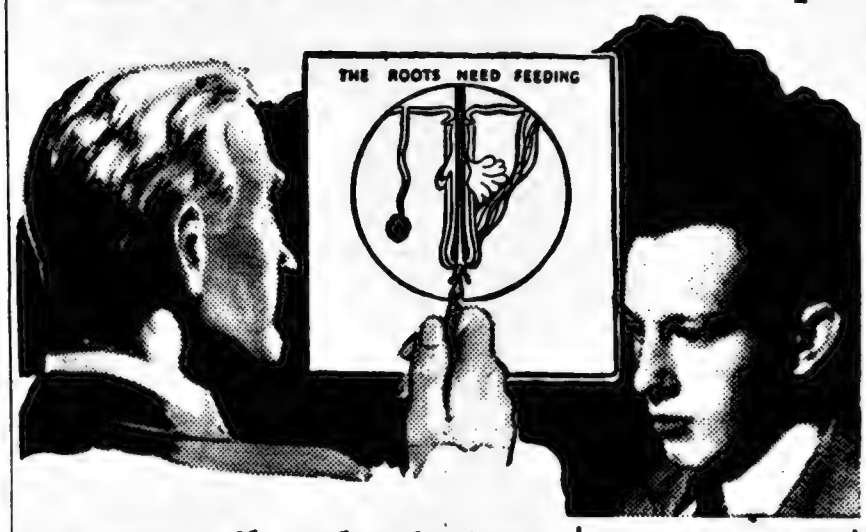
Varnene, the finer and more durable Oil Varnish Stain will give ordinary floor boards a beautiful high-gloss finish that resists chip and scratch.

From Grocers, Oilmen, Ironmongers, etc. In Dark Oak and other beautiful shades.

Chiswick Products, Ltd., London, W.4.

Profcssor Polland, famous Austrian dermatologist of Graz University, says . . .

To check DANDRUFF caused by starvation of the scalp–



I prescribe the hair's natural food—SILVIKRIN

The tests made by Professor Polland (photograph above) proved to him conclusively that Silvikrin *does grow hair* (his enthusiastic and sweeping report is quoted in the booklet with every Silvikrin bottle). Moreover, he proved that it stops dandruff and falling hair completely. His report is typical of the enthusiasm of the medical profession towards Silvikrin.

HOW SILVIKRIN ACTS

Dandruff, falling hair, baldness are caused by the hair being starved of its natural food. It was Dr. Weidner's great triumph to discover what this food is—fourteen distinct organic elements—and to compound it in Nature's exact proportions, in Silvikrin. When the bloodstream fails to feed the hair roots, Silvikrin has to be applied externally, so preventing dandruff and falling hair, and actually making new hair grow.

Look up your trouble in the table on the right—see what you need—get your Silvikrin to-day!

(above) Mr. Bines, whose trouble with scurf and dandruff was completely checked by Silvikrin. Read his letter below.

'My hair was getting extremely thin—coming out in quantities every time I combed it—and very badly affected with scurf. After a very short time of using Silvikrin the dandruff disappeared and the hair stopped coming out. After two bottles the hair was very much thicker, and the enclosed photograph shows how thoroughly healthy my hair now is.'
(*Signed*) W. Bines,
18, Glencoe Street,
London, E.14.

WHAT YOU NEED: **For dandruff—hair beginning to fall.** To keep the scalp healthy, strengthen the hair and bring out its natural beauty.
Ask for SILVIKRIN LOTION.

For severe dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches. To restore new hair growth use the concentrated natural organic hair food.
Ask for PURE SILVIKRIN.

Obtainable from all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

Silvikrin
DOES GROW HAIR

43-G

GET YOUR WEIGHT DOWN

Do you puff and miss the 'bus because your condition isn't what it was? Ten to one those extra pounds are due to waste matter not properly eliminated from the system. Spa treatment is what you need—and now you can take Nature's mineral "cure" at home with a daily glass of Fynnon Salt.

CLEAR OUT URIC ACID

A sudden stabbing pain when stooping, dull ache in the side, stiff joints—these are the warnings of Uric Acid in the system and painful Rheumatic trouble to come. Nature's healing minerals found in the water of famous Spas (and in Fynnon Salt) can rid you of these acid crystals and restore you to active freedom.

Spa Treatment at Home

Mrs. H. B. S., of Leicester, took Fynnon Salt for two months and then wrote: "I have lost pounds of loose, flabby flesh and my whole system is generally toned up. I am a showroom demonstrator, so fitness and good appearance count for much!" Mrs. L., of Reading, writes: "Five years ago I was taken ill with kidney trouble and Rheumatism . . . it attacked me all over the body, and after beggaring myself with expensive treatments, five tins of your Fynnon Salt have cured me." Whether you are troubled with unwanted flesh or, worse still, unwanted Rheumatic pain, remember they have the same root cause—poisons in the human system which *must* yield to the combination of **Sodium, Potassium, and Lithium** in Fynnon Salt. Take a teaspoonful in a glass of water every morning—you will feel fitter in every way. Large tin 1 3.
FYNNON LTD., Brentford, Middx.

FYNNON SALT *for Fitness!*

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.
ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

HOLDS FALSE TEETH TIGHT AS CEMENT

Plates cannot possibly slip when you sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder. Largest seller in the world—holds plates so tight they cannot annoy, yet so comfortable they actually feel and act like your own. Keeps mouth fresh, breath pleasant—special comfort-cushion prevents sensitive gums from getting sore. Quite harmless and cannot upset the stomach. Small cost—sold by Chemists everywhere.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/6 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrom Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Men's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £4:2:6 or 5/6 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £5:15:6 Terms: 6/11 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

FENNINGS' FEVER CURER

SOLD IN BOTTLES at 1/3.
INSIST ON FENNINGS'

FOR INFLUENZA
COLDS & FEVERS
70 YEARS REPUTATION

ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT.

INDIGESTION AND FLATULENCE AFTER MEALS

Of the many digestive remedies on the market 'Milk of Magnesia' alone enjoys the unanimous endorsement of the Medical Profession. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the antacid most acceptable and beneficial to the human digestive system. Herein lies the secret of its unerring efficacy in correcting a sour, acid stomach and restoring digestive power.

Thousands have found complete relief in 'Milk of Magnesia'. Your pain and flatulence will cease with the very first dose. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' now and digest your next meal in comfort. There's a handy Tablet form, each Tablet equal to a teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia'. A neat flat tin for the waistcoat pocket or lady's bag 1/-; also in bottles 2- and 3/6 for family use. Of all chemists

MILK OF MAGNESIA BRAND TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

FREE CASH PRIZES.
£20 in prizes is offered for the best Last line to the Limerick on page 24. Send in your entry NOW

FREE

TO ALL CLIENTS the BIG TWO SPORTSMAN'S 1937 1938 DIARY

Brim full of useful information and including S.P. and Tote Ready Reckoners.

LETTER COMMISSIONS bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at FULL STARTING PRICE or totalisator returns as desired

NO LIMIT WIN OR PLACE

1/- UP TO ANY AMOUNT ACCEPTED IN ACCORDANCE WITH RULES

WINNINGS by RETURN

J.B. 8.5.37

THE BIG TWO

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD

227 BATH ST. GLASGOW C2

OUR READERS WRITE ABOUT

Landlords—Lost Property Dates—Number Plates Milk—Means Test

RATEPAYERS in many areas are learning with satisfaction that there will be substantial rates reductions this year.

Landlords, however, are making no move to pass on the benefit to their tenants who pay inclusive rents.

Mayors should appeal to them to do so.—M. SHEPHERD, Westburn Terrace, Roker, Sunderland.

Why appeal? It should be ordered. Rents are always increased when rates rise.

Fewer Sams

REGISTRARS are finding that the Christian name for boys which has fallen most out of favour in recent years is Samuel.—E. ELLAMES, Selby Road, Aintree, Liverpool.

Yet records show that no person named Samuel has been hanged in Britain for sixty years.

Whitehall Nods

THE authorities cannot be congratulated on the grammatical construction of some of the official Coronation announcements.

Two split infinitives appear in one, and another uses a singular verb with a plural noun.—Miss M. WALTON, Windsor Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth.

Worst of all is mistake in invitations to civic chiefs to attend Westminster Abbey. They are made out to "The Lord and Lady Mayoress" instead of "The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress."

Debtor Snapped

LAST week-end I found a box camera on a promenade seat at the seaside. I took out the film and had it printed, in the hope of identifying the owner.

One of the pictures was that of a man with whom I had lost touch for years and to whom I had loaned money which has never been repaid.

The camera was claimed at the police station by this man, and, in consequence, I have obtained his address and am proceeding for the recovery of the debt.—WALTER HOSKINS, Finchley Lane, Hendon, N.W.4.

Could this be called an answer in the negative?

Race with "Silver Ring"

Jubilee "Best"

WILLIAM OF VALENCE looks "good" for the "Jubilee" at Kempton Park despite his heavy burden of 9 st. 9 lb.

Fifty years ago Bendigo carried 9 st. 7 lb. to victory in the inaugural race and this has been beaten only once. Minting won under 10 st.

Strange as it may seem, the best horses in the coming event are French. In addition to William of Valence, Tempest II, Commander III, Moody, Monico and Bel Aethel are invaders.

Moody, second in the French Guineas last year, showed promise at Newmarket and will win races over here, but "William" is preferred this time.

At the foot of the handicap I note Ormstead, who receives 34 lb. from the top-weight. Tumps and Edgehill may win their respective races.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers the racing from Thursday, May 6, to Wednesday, May 12.

Z Q C 93 B 94 M R 98 T F O A P U X L H J I 95 E D W N 96 G S K V Y 97

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

KZMRUJQ would read ALDWYCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. PKZ293V would read VALLIP.

Alphabetical

MOTOR-CAR licensing authorities are apparently hard pressed to find new combinations of registration letters.

The newest are AHA and DUD.

It seemed incongruous that a huge high-powered car which passed along the principal street of this city to-day should have the label BAB.

The owners of cars with the BAD registration cannot feel too proud of them.

A provisional list of forthcoming new identity combinations contains ICU.—T. WHITE, Shenley Fields Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham.

Penang authorities have issued local undertaker with new plate for his motor-hearse. Previous one was U2.

Official Prying

A PARTICULARLY vicious part of the Means Test system is the practice of the U.A.B. to write to the employers of children whose fathers are unemployed asking the amount of wages paid to them.

Although my husband has been out of work seven years, we sacrificed to provide our daughters with higher education to fit them for good posts.

As soon as they enter situations their employers receive the U.A.B. demand, and the girls become known in the offices as belonging to the "unemployed class."

One has already lost her employment in consequence of this.—MRS. L. HARDY, Stockton Street, Alexandra Park, Manchester.

Employers, too, resent the inquisition.

Mr. Baldwin

BRITISH residents here would like, through JOHN BULL, to pay tribute to Mr. Stanley Baldwin on the eve of his retirement from the Premiership.

We do so without any regard for his political faith, but solely for his instinct to do the right thing.

Unknown to Britain, he has just broadcast to Egypt from London on the responsibilities of Empire, and no speech has ever had a more profound effect on both foreigners and Egyptians.—J. L. RENNIE, engineer, Municipality of Alexandria, Egypt.

Perhaps the best compliment paid to Mr. Baldwin has been the remark of a political opponent that, in his retirement, he would like to have him as a next-door neighbour.

Left Out

I AM one of the thousands of 100 per cent. disabled ex-Service men who are certified as unfit and unavailable for any employment, and therefore not entitled to unemployment benefit.

So my children are denied even the small extra payment which is to be made to the families of the unemployed to commemorate the Coronation.

It is ludicrous that they would have shared if I had been only partially disabled in the war.—GEORGE ROBERTSON, Wood Street, Catrine, Ayrshire.

There is no injustice of which the Ministry of Pensions seems incapable.

Royal Occasions

JUNE 3, the birthday of the late King George, is my mother's and mother-in-law's birthday.

My elder son was born on Queen Mary's birthday, May 26, and my younger son on May 12, Coronation Day.

The late King George died on the anniversary of my wedding day, January 20, which is also my sister's birthday.—A. STEDMAN, Trinity Road, West Bromwich.

Mr. Ralph Kimber, of Stratford Road, Shirley, Birmingham, sends a batch of birth certificates showing that he, his wife and two children, and his father were all born on May 12.

Why Not?

NOTHING is more appreciated by working-class parents than the provision of cheap milk to their children in the schools.

Now the long summer holidays are ahead, but the authorities repeat again that it is not intended to make any arrangements to continue the supply of milk to the kiddies during that period.—MRS. M. SMITH, Canterbury Road, Willesborough, Ashford, Kent.

Why the Milk Marketing Board does not authorise the simple organisation needed for this purpose is beyond comprehension.

Hint to P.M.G.

THERE has been only the feeblest response to the "post early" campaign. Apathy seems worst among the largest business houses.

Could not some inducement be offered to help make it a success both for the benefit of business and the postal workers?—MISS KATHLEEN HALL, South View Terrace, Stamford, Lincs.

What about conceding penny postage on letters posted before 2 p.m.?

Panel Reform

DEMANDS for a better medical service for members of approved societies must be pressed. In England and Wales 16,000 doctors are dealing with nearly 16,000,000 insured persons, and the proportion in Scotland is similar.

It cannot be emphasised too much that the cure and arresting of disease depend on it being quickly diagnosed and promptly treated. Approved societies are paying for such attention—but are their members getting it?

Too many panel doctors' waiting-rooms are virtually harbours of disease. These places, usually very shabby, are almost always crowded, and the germ-laden atmosphere is seldom disinfected.—HERBERT RAWLINGS, Lambeth Road, Liverpool 5.

This letter is typical of scores in the Letter Bag.

We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

LIVER & STOMACH DISORDERS

TWELVE DISTINCT HERBS BANISH GLOOM AND RESTORE JOY OF LIVING

For more than 70 years Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup has been known all over the world as the finest of all family remedies for Biliousness, Pains after eating, Flatulence, Headaches, Dizziness, Constipation, Acidity, and other Liver and Stomach Disorders.

Remember, good health and a cheerful outlook on life are founded on good digestion. Let Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup bring these gifts to you by stimulating your Liver, regulating your Bowels and giving you new strength and new life. For Sluggish Liver, Disordered Stomach, and Impaired Digestion, there is nothing to equal this famous herbal remedy. 1/3 and 3/- at all chemists.

It is the special combination of extracts —found only in Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup—which gives them their supreme medicinal value.

JB

I've found a THRILLING new kind of FACE POWDER

Made by an amazing new process—whirled by powerful currents of air at hurricane speed! So light it floats on air. So fine the powder itself is invisible on the face. Covers the skin with a thin film of beauty. No one could ever guess it is not all your own *natural* fascinating loveliness. Try the new 'air-floated' Poudre Tokalon to-day. Work all day in the office or home—you never look hot and shiny. Dance all night—your complexion stays fresh and lovely. Get the captivating and lasting complexion beauty that only Poudre Tokalon can give. 6d. and 1/- a box everywhere. If not positively delighted with results, your money refunded. By special arrangement any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing a special box of Poudre Tokalon and four samples of other shades so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd., (Dept. 222), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

SHE MAY NEVER BE STRONG AND HEALTHY AGAIN

How many mothers have paid the price of neglect! Just a graze, they may say to themselves. Children are always getting them. But they reckon without a tiny speck of dirt, dirt that festers, breeds germs, saps a child's health and vitality, turning a healthy child into a sickly invalid—maybe for life. You cannot afford to run risks with dirt. Dirt germs are everywhere, insidious, doing their deadly work the moment you are off your guard.

BE SAFE!
There is one way to be sure. Be on your guard at every moment. Use Knight's Family Health Soap daily and ensure always real antiseptic cleanliness. You owe it to yourself, to your family, to take this precaution. Buy Family Health to-day. Don't delay. Use Family Health daily and be sure!
DON'T DELAY!
BUY FAMILY HEALTH TO-DAY
3d PER TABLET
Double Tablet Carton 6d
FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

GUARD AGAINST THE APPALLING DANGERS OF DIRT WITH

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

KH 13-37 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

Inches DISAPPEAR

Frocks Hang Perfectly

The graceful lines of the slim figure are so fascinating and attractive, yet women everywhere go about displaying ugly unshapeliness with frocks that bulk here and bulge there, merely because the foundation is wrong. Correct foundation is everything to all garments. This amazing new AMBRON Reducing Corset promptly rights all the "not-so-slim" figure faults as if by magic and gives your frocks and costumes that attractive graceful slim shapeliness which all your friends will admire. The AMBRON Reducing CORSET is made from a new washable rubber fabric which exercises an action just like massage with every movement of the body. Merely breathing brings this action into play, so that unwanted and superfluous fat is gradually eliminated without any harmful effects. Scientific perforation gives natural ventilation and controls body temperature.

SLIM THIS SAFE AND EASY WAY

Price **10/11**

Brassiere to Match 4/11
The Two Garments 14/11
Post 4d.

Try one in your own home. 1/6 deposit (plus 4d. postage) secures on approval. Balance may be paid by monthly instalments of 2/6 if preferred AT NO EXTRA COST. If not satisfied deposit refunded in full.

In Tea Rose washable lined rubber fabric, having boned supports and four suspenders. Sizes 24 to 40 ins. waist. Choose either a Closed Back model (Model CB) or Laced Back (Model LB). Brassiere sizes 30 to 46 ins. bust.

COUPON

Please send me an AMBRON REDUCING CORSET

MODEL CB (Closed back) | MODEL LB (Laced back)

(Cross out the one not required.)

ALSO BRASSIERE TO MATCH. *(strike out if not wanted)*

Enclose crossed // Postal Order for 1/6 deposit and 4d. postage together with Bust, Waist and Hips measurements & name & address. *(Overseas full cash.)* J.B. 8/5/37

AMBROSE WILSON LTD

BRITAIN'S LARGEST CORSET HOUSE,
488, Ambron House, 60 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. London, S.W.

MAKE BLOND HAIR —even in DARK or BROWN shades— GLEAM with GOLD

In one shampoo

WITHOUT BLEACHING

GIRLS, when your blond hair darkens to an indefinite brownish shade it dulls your whole personality. But you can now bring back the fascinating glints that are hidden in your hair and that give you personality, radiance—beauty. Sta-blond brings back to the dullest and most faded blond hair the golden beauty of childhood, and keeps light blond hair from darkening. Brownish shades of hair become alluring without bleaching or dyeing, camomile or henna rinsing. Try this wonderful shampoo treatment today and see how different it is from anything you have ever tried before. It is the largest selling shampoo in the world. If you are dissatisfied just ask for your money back.

STA-BLOND
THE BLOND HAIR SHAMPOO

Can YOU do this?

Keep up to the mark!

You may have a steady hand, a keen eye, and sound judgment—you may even be a "champ." But can you keep up to this high standard? You *can* if you keep *fit!* See that your system is *perfectly regular*—regular as the clock. Remember your Beechams Pills, the Golden Rule of Health for ninety years. *Purely Vegetable.*

The British Remedy *Worth a Guinea a Box*

Yes! —if you keep regular with BEECHAMS PILLS

STOMACH TROUBLES GASTRIC ULCER RELIEVED

What greater proof can you have than the testimony of Mr. Simpson, of 131, Harbottle St., South Byker, who writes: "I must tell you of the great benefit I got from Vitadatio. The doctor diagnosed Gastric Ulcer. I was in agony and tried many medicines without avail. My food did not digest. I felt dizzy, and my legs felt useless. Thanks to Vitadatio I am a new man."

The claims made for Vitadatio are based upon what it has done for other sufferers. What it has done for others, it can do for you. In cases of Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney, and Stomach Complaints, Vitadatio has a marvellous record of successes. There is nothing to equal it—there is no substitute for it. Get a bottle to-day. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Chemists & Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (post 6d. extra). From VITADATIO (121) ARMLEY, LEEDS.

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

WHO'S TO BE "JOHN BULL'S" 32ND CROSSWORD PENSIONER?

PENSIONER No. 31

Here is Mr S Heywood, 5 Brownson Street, Moston, Manchester, who joined the happy band of John Bull's Crossword Pensioners with his outright success in Crossword No 56 — YOU can be next.

WIN £20 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £500

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

ADDITIONAL AWARDS VALUE £100

between Runners-up from whom 'John Bull' receives entry-fee of 1s or over in this contest

62.

IF WINNER PREFERS, LUMP SUM OF £750 MAY BE CHOSEN INSTEAD

CELEBRATE CORONATION WEEK with this PENSION and FORTUNE PRIZE

PRESENTED on this page is the sixty-second of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

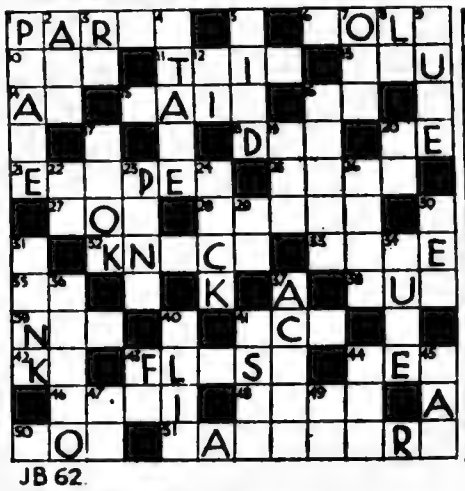
Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, May 27, 1937. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette" obtainable as instructed on page 39. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 62. Closing, POSTMARK SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1937.



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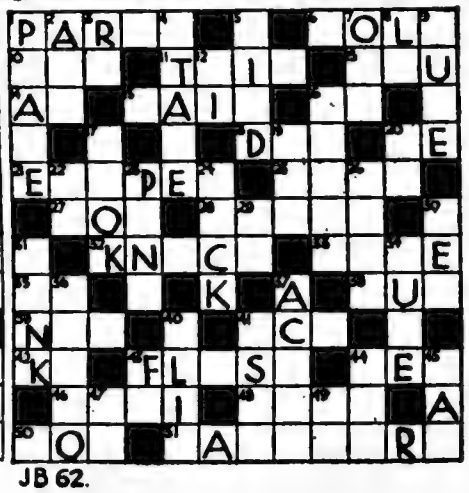


JB 62.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED.....

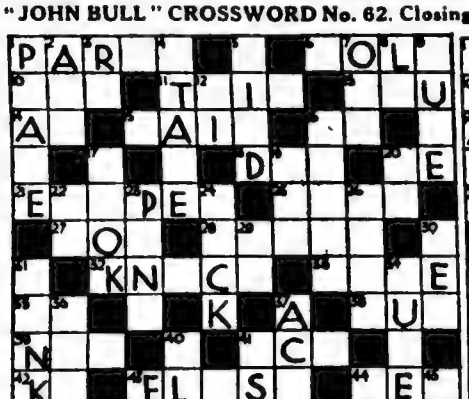
ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES.

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 62. Closing, POSTMARK SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1937.



JB 62.

JB 62.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 62, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it '& Co.'; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Postmark of Saturday, May 15.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 2s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as Entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 27. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, June 1, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prizes. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £750 cash will be paid instead of the Two in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. There are some interesting ones in most towns
6. Dictator may have to be this on many occasions
10. Impudent talk
11. One feels fresher after one
13. Short for influenza
14. Part of car in garden
15. Having this makes hiking less pleasant
16. At extremities of shelf
18. Loud noise
20. South East
21. Runs away to marry
25. What reporters gather for publication
27. What galleryites do, to show disapproval
28. Possessor
32. Enables mechanic quickly to know what's amiss with engine
33. Uncommon
35. Found in Libya and Tibet
38. Place in position
39. It's hardly wise to wear such frocks at country picnic
41. Play may be affected by last one
42. At end of polka
43. One sometimes gets this in diamonds
44. Short for February
46. Name for Hitlerite
48. Fruit in appearance
50. New one usually has to stand a lot of knocking about
51. Document needed for foreign travel

CLUES DOWN.

1. Housekeeper gets, in service
2. Is pumped into a tyre
3. Piece of purple in warp
4. Gambler's reduced one means he's got less money to play with
5. What police must do, securing dangerous criminal
7. Cancelled and not on
8. In centre of pillar
9. Novel's hero is often made one
12. Starts right
16. Show contempt
17. Hitler's powerful one is well known
19. Public house
20. Short for steamship
22. Head and tail of lamb
23. It's useful for farmer to have one
24. Short stocking
26. Cape or shawl
29. How squawk finishes
30. Rich people sometimes have pony for this
31. Best time to skate is when you're in this
34. There's one by which melodrama's hero always succeeds in the end
36. Works outing of merry kind
37. Bad tooth does this
40. Bad one with shears may ruin hedge's appearance
41. Serpents finishing off wasps
43. Turk's headgear without vowel
44. Together in front and frozen
45. Cricket ball is hit with
47. End of day
49. Half wrap, half cape

COPY SQUARES

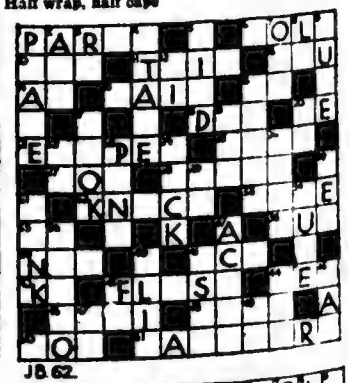
These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions, and are not accepted as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

NEWS-AGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

JB 62.



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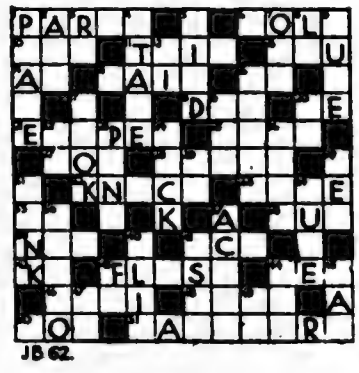

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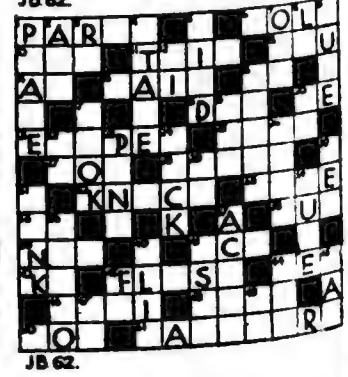

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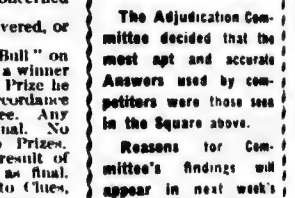
X-WORD No. 59.



Winners on page 38

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square above.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette." Secure your free weekly copy by using reservation coupon on page 39.

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

WAITER (Glasgow).—"Mine is a monotonous job." You find little or no change, eh?

T. S. (Edinburgh).—"I meet with little but reverses all day long." Ah! Car park attendant!

SHOWMAN (Birmingham).—"I insist on all the side-shows being run straight." Even the roundabouts?

O. T. (Letchmore Heath).—"The Alsatian dog has sprung from the wolf." And what dog wouldn't?

B. B. (Hull).—"I suppose singing in one's bath indicates a high spirit?" And a little water with it.

S. T. (Bournemouth).—"I was so tired that I fell asleep over a game of cards." You went deep.

W. B. (Frodsbury).—"I don't swim well in very cold water." It cramps your style?

O. M. (Soho).—"When I have soup in a restaurant I insist on knowing what I am getting." You like to have it clear?

FELIX (Beaminster).—"She was very angry because I lifted her over the fence." She was up in arms over it.

N. M. S. (Bournemouth).—"Name me any living thing that has ever achieved its purpose by just sitting down and waiting." A hen

COMMERCIAL (Liverpool).—"I met a most attractive girl in the revolving door of a hotel." And now you go round together?

THINKER (Edinburgh).—"Who can say what man will be at the last?" We should say he would most likely be a cobbler.

WATCHER (Martlesham).—"I thought the aeroplane's light was a star, until I heard the machine-gun rattle." A shooting star, eh?

B. T. J. (Ewell).—"Many an unknown village has been put on the map when an earthquake has happened there." Taken off, you mean, surely.

DISGUSTED (Henley).—"He was only asking thirty shillings a week for a couple of tiny rooms up on the fourth floor!" A high rent.

SECRETARY (Reading).—"For our next charity variety show I have engaged a lightning cartoonist." You hope that he will draw a good audience?

TOM (Dundee).—"A golf course fairway and a great public highway are not unlike one another." One certainly sees wooden-headed drivers on both.

JOHN (Streatham).—"When I was only twenty-five my stockbrokers decamped and left me a bankrupt." What did you do with the poor fellow?

OBSERVER (Derby).—"Every man has a facial feature which tells you his job in life." A fatal authority, we suppose, has a receding chin.

BOXER (Bournemouth).—"Directly the gong went for the first round I knew that his long, straight left would beat me." It struck you immediately?

VALET (Bournemouth).—"He said that his coat was badly creased, and cursed me until I felt like telling him what he could do with it." But you repressed it?

J. S. (West End).—"I am not happy as the straight man of a music-hall balancing act, for my partners are continually reminding me." But it's their place to get on to you!

MASTER (Essex).—"As a punishment I told him to write a long sentence a hundred times." But the look on his face made me relent and I halved the task." You reduced the sentence?

W. K. (Hinckley).—"*There's never any smoke without fire . . .*" *Ever tried lighting a camp fire?*

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

LOWLANDS (Henley).—"The atmosphere of the Scottish inn was warm." Close?

BUILDER (Ilford).—"An all-electric house is a boon." It certainly has its points.

B. T. (Goole).—"I feel sure my garden is trying to fool me." Well, get in a few digs at it in return.

DOCTOR (Wimbledon).—"A heavy lunch is often a bad business." It depends who happens to be paying for it.

CLERGYMAN (London).—"I have urged young men to marry again and again." But that's bigamy.

MISS T. (Morden).—"I landed a good-sized fish at the seaside last week." Has he spoken to father yet?

H. R. (Victoria).—"London taxidermists are the best in the world." They know their stuff.

W. B. (Denham).—"Last week my next-door neighbour bought a piano for a pound." And does he?

ADA (Watford).—"My father rules our home with sarcasm." With a rod of irony, in fact.

THEATRE PRODUCER (West End).—"If a man has his name at the top of a bill, you may know that he has plenty of money coming in." Unless he's a tailor.

A. S. A. (Putney).—"A London policeman is said to be a brilliant painter in oils." Another Constable, or perhaps a Sargent?

FANCIER (Norwich).—"He told me the pigeon had won a very important race, but after purchasing the bird I found the story was false." Just a flight of fancy.

M. C. (Harringay).—"He came to see the twins and I am sure he was under the influence of alcohol." Why? Did he think they were quads?

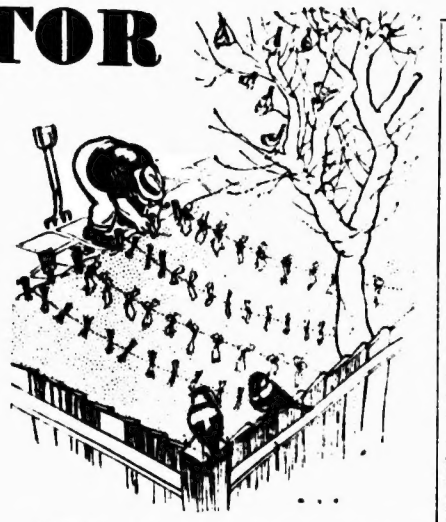
G. E. C. (Warlingham).—"The conjurer produced a microphone from the boy's mouth." That's what you'd call taking the mike out of him.

BARBER (I.O.W.).—"Ever since safety razors came on the market my customers no longer require me to shave them." So now they cut you.

"TEE" (St. Andrews).—"Increasing numbers of people are devoting their holidays to golf." Off the chain, but on the links.

H. C. B. (Grove Park).—"What can impel a man to rise from his bed so much as the sun pouring in through the windows?" The rain coming in through the roof.

D. M. (Margate).—"A zoologist is of the opinion that cats living in cities are not so keen-sighted as cats in the country." Nature may adjust matters by evolving luminous London mice.



"Surely, Oswald, a peculiar place to put up Coronation decorations."
—From "The Passing Show"

W. R. (Dewsbury).—"A man has no brains who buys a cheap hat for himself." Why worry—it's next to nothing.

MOTORIST (West Ham).—"I know the pedestrian's every thought." You're wise to all his little dodges?

FLAPPER (Brighton).—"Will you please tell me the best thing for jade-green finger-nails?" Soap and water.

D. N. J. (Aldershot).—"Tommy Atkins makes a good husband." The first duty of a soldier is obedience.

L. E. M. (Hounslow).—"What, in your opinion, is the chief use of gas?" To be stepped on.

HOSTESS (Chelsea).—"It is difficult to know what to provide for young people's supper nowadays." Breakfast foods!

CONFECTIONER (Wishaw).—"What note does the idea of a musician-baker strike in your mind?" Dough.

FAN (Glasgow).—"Football has innumerable strong recommendations." Many "refs," so to speak.

A. A. (Chorley).—"Some women don't know what to do with their hands." Yet they go on playing bridge.

S. N. V. (Grimsby).—"My idea is to produce timber without knot-holes." To use as fencing round cricket grounds?

A. P. (Barnet).—"There should be sky-scrapers in London." The sky certainly needs it sometimes.

ACTOR (Balham).—"I was hurt when tomatoes were thrown at me." Were they still in the tin?

R. J. C. (Putney).—"I am one of those who will have to work on Coronation Day." Never mind—win this week's £500 offered on page 39, and you will have a fine opportunity to see Their Majesties at Aldershot.

D. M. T. (West Ham).—"Pronounce a couple of words backwards and note the extreme difference in pronunciation." Tut, tut!

A. R. F. (Wendover).—"To save the cat I threw a plant at the fellow just as he was about to fire his air-gun." So you had a pot at him first.

W. H. (Hammersmith).—"Since I have been going out to dances, dinners and shows I find that the cost of living is very high." You are getting confused between the high cost of living and the cost of high living.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"I SAW weary men resting in the fields, slumped on the wet ground, sacking OFF their head to keep off the rain."

BEDS AND HERTS EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"The explosion, which was heard over a considerable distance, shattered the kitchen window. Flying SPRINTERS made holes in the plaster of the kitchen wall."

LOWESTOFT JOURNAL:—". . . when the motorist was able to pass in front of it and WARM the driver."

BLAYTON COURIER:—"It's no good just telling your butcher to bring round a joint of BEER of such-and-such a weight."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST:—"He was standing on a portion of the cliff, which suddenly began to SING underneath him."

THE SCHOOLGIRL'S OWN:—". . . and took a few turns about the room, like a CAKED tigress."

She Suffered For Years

"For years I suffered so much with nerves and anæmia that life seemed hardly worth living," says Mrs. E. R. Charnock, of "Oakleigh," Marshside Road, Southport. "I was pale and weak, had no appetite and grew very thin. My limbs trembled violently and my nerves were so bad that I was afraid to go out. I could not sleep and felt as though I had gone all to pieces.

"Nothing I tried did me any permanent good until I started taking Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills soon made a wonderful improvement in me; my appetite returned; then my nerves grew steady, I slept better and began to pick up my lost weight. Now after taking the pills for two months, my health is completely restored."

There is a scientific reason behind the remarkable results that follow the use of Dr. Williams' brand pink pills. In simple language it is this: these pills create new, rich blood, which banishes anæmia and nervous weakness, improves the digestion and appetite and revitalises the whole system. Of all chemists, 1s. 3d. a box (single size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

STOMACH SUFFERER
"One Mass of Bones"

There is nothing like continued stomach trouble for "getting you down." If you do not take prompt steps to stop even the slightest sign of indigestion, flatulence or heartburn, you can never be sure what will happen eventually. Mrs. L. H., of Crofton Park, for instance, lost weight most alarmingly and suffered excruciating pain:

"With hard work and cooking, in hot, underground kitchens," she writes, "I got indigestion and gastric trouble, and had several medicines. I tried everything and to no good. It got so bad that even a little boiled water caused me to vomit. I was one mass of bones, I got so thin. The pain was terrible. As a last resort, I thought I would try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. From the first dose, I found relief and the sickness stopped. I was soon able to take food again, until now I can eat almost anything without pain or ill-effects."

Here is both a warning and a hint. Do not treat *your* stomach pain lightly, however slight it may seem. Take MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. Enjoy the quick soothing ease, the assurance of freedom from more serious trouble, that this famous specific will give you as it has given thousands of other people the country over. But make certain you get the original Maclean Brand—the one that really does the trick. Look always for the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. Powder or tablets.

PURE BEER FOR 1D. PER PINT
REFRESHING & SUSTAINING
SPLENDID TONIC & FOOD
EASILY MADE AT HOME
ALE or STOUT
FROM
VIGGORMALT
PURE TRIPLE-STRENGTH EXTRACT OF RICH MALT & HOPS
Simply add cold water
FREE YEAST WITH EACH TIN
Get a SHILLING tin of VIGGORMALT to-day from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International, Co-ops, Parkes, or any Store, Chemist or Grocer; or send stamps or P.O. for one shilling, direct to VIGGORMALT Ltd., (Dept. TPS), Davigdor Rd., HOVE, SUSSEX.
Post free U.K. and I.F.S. Foreign postage extra. State whether for Ale or for Stout when ordering.

New Method Works Wonders
in cases of
HÆMORRHOIDS
(Piles)

Piles are a form of varicose veins, particularly liable to damage and irritation, and frequently a source of intense pain and mental misery. Germoloid Suppositories stop pain almost instantly, and as they gradually melt they spread a lasting protective film over exposed nerves and veins, whilst releasing antiseptic principles to carry on their healing work all through the hours of sleep. They restrain bleeding, provide lubrication against "dragging down" and acid irritation, and prevent loss of fluid by absorption. Thus, they help to overcome constipation, the chief dread of every sufferer and the frequent cause of renewed attacks. Germoloids are inexpensive, clean, simple and invariably effective. Use one each night until the condition is improved or one per week to avoid recurring attacks.

Germoloids
From All Chemists. **1/3 per box of 12**
(For External Piles use Germolene brand Ointment in addition.)

TRAVEL sickness—

SONGO (Capsules) prevents Seasickness, Motor, Air or Bus Sickness; it NEVER Fails. 1/3 and 3/6. Chemists or Post Free Vandre Ltd., 189 Pitt St., Glasgow.
Get SONGO

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size: 16½ x 10 x 9½in.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S3 RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up to date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; reliable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid. **£4.17.6**

Easy Payments: 5/- Monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. A. E. P. of Liverpool, writes:—"The S3 Battery Set, constructed of first-class components, its beautiful finish & sweetness of tone, at such a moderate cost, is amazing value, and Messrs. Graves Ltd. are to be congratulated on so magnificent a Set."

Mr. J. W. of Worksop, writes:—"I received the S3 Wireless Set in perfect condition, and had it fixed up the same day, and it worked straight away without any trouble. The tone is grand, equal to other more expensive sets I have heard. It's really the best description on the market, & I may add I am delighted with it."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel — and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays inside you. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3d. and 3/-.

THE TORTURE OF RHEUMATISM

"I find Urace brand tablets excellent not only in allaying the acute pains of neuritis and rheumatism, but in improving the general condition in chronic cases."—Miss ——, Eastbourne.

Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd. 33m Banner Street, London E.C.1. From your chemist 1/3 and 3/-.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Body 30in long

Boat-shaped Coach built body, softly upholstered, loose seats, lace-trimmed hood, coil springs, foot brake, ribbed cushion tyres, dress guards, bright parts are chromium plated. Colours Navy, Nigger, Grey, Green, Beige, Maroon. 70/-

5/- NOW

Terms 5/- monthly. Catalogue Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

A Free Offer.

★ A GENEROUS sample of Elasto for all leg troubles and circulatory disorders, is offered on the Back Cover. This, together with a special free booklet and copies of recent testimonials, will also be sent to those readers who turn to the announcement on the Back Cover and Fill in the Free Coupon.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. Weak Kidneys usually are the real cause of Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Dry, Muddy Skin, Acidity, Burning, Smarting, or Lost Vigour. Don't take chances. Get the Doctor's prescription Cystex (Siss-tex) at chemists. £1,000 deposited with Westminster Bank, London, backs up Cystex Guarantee to bring new vitality in 48 hours, make you feel 10 years younger and cure in 8 days or money back.

POTTER'S gives Instant Relief for ASTHMA CATARRH CROUP BRONCHITIS

Therefore don't wait till the next attack comes on but go to your chemist and get a tin of Potter's Asthma Cure. Inhale its soothing fumes and at once the paroxysms of coughing cease, the horrible sensations of tightness across the chest, the frantic struggles for breath and the choking feeling, which compels you to fly to the window, all disappear. Sleepless nights become a thing of the past and you will once again be able to carry out your daily duties. There is no need for delay as every chemist everywhere sells Potter's—it is the one remedy that will give you the relief you need. Potter's Asthma Cure is equally good for Chronic Colds, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Hay Fever and other chest troubles.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

Supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

(Makers of Potter's Asthma Cigarettes)

DISTURBED REST

A "WEAK" bladder may be described as one in which the muscular and nervous control is defective. The fluid which we know as urine is only retained in the bladder, which is a highly distensible organ, by means of a circular ring of muscle, which grips the neck of the bladder firmly and prevents the fluid escaping.

When the bladder gets full and tense, this muscular resistance is overcome. When the urine is unhealthy and irritating, it is far more likely to overcome the resistance of the controlling mechanism, and disturbed nights are the result.

To overcome this trouble and cleanse and disinfect the urine from within, two Cystopurin (sis-toe-pew-rin) tablets, dissolved in a tumbler of water, should be taken three times a day, half an hour before meals.

"Cystopurin is wonderful to me. I suffered for six months with pain and not getting my rest at night, having to get up three or four times during the night. This last three nights I have slept through and no pain, which is a great pleasure to me. I shall always recommend Cystopurin to anyone who suffers from kidney and bladder trouble."

MISS M. LILL, 13, CRAITHIE RD., DONCASTER.

Get Cystopurin Tablets from your chemist to-day. They are put up in bottles, price 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, and are obtainable only from chemists.

Free booklet on application to Cystopurin Dept. J.B.7.

GENATOSAN Ltd. LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

CYSTOPURIN (sis-toe-pew-rin)

END YOUR PILES BY KILLING THE GERM —Says Doctor

At last, scientists have isolated the "pile germ" and found out how to get rid of it, without operation. In prehistoric balsamic deposits of the Tyrolean Alps has now been discovered an amazing curative recipe, which kills the merciless staphylococci. Once the infection is done away with, the swollen, congested blood vessels in the rectum (which are piles) get smaller and melt away. Frightful itching and painful bleeding are healed as if by some magic touch. Sold by chemists under the trade mark "Tosanine" Brand Rectal Bougies. You get blessed relief right from the start.

NOTE: If your chemist does not have "TOSANINE" BRAND RECTAL BOUGIES, send 2/6 to the manufacturers for full size box. Success guaranteed or money refunded. Address Tosanine Health Laboratories (Dept. 22 F) 20/26 Brunswick Place, City Rd., London, N.1.

THEIR HOBBY has Safeguarded THEIR HOME

Interview with Railwayman First Prize-winner.

THAT home is one of the most entertaining places in which to spend one's leisure hours is a fact which many are in danger of forgetting to-day.

But when an L.M.S. Signalman, Mr. J. B. Taylor, gets home to his wife and child at "Highgate," New Road, Armitage, Rugeley, writes a JOHN BULL representative, he is a man who is well content.

"My wife and I prefer our evenings here," Mr. Taylor told me. "We listen to the radio and we enjoy our hobby of *Bullets* which provided it."

Thanks to making *Bullets* his hobby, Mr. Taylor is to-day receiving congratulations galore on his £500 and Coronation Visit First Prize in our 1,067th Contest.

"I well remember my first year in *Bullets*," Mr. Taylor said, "as my only score was one 'Target.' Since then my wife and I have won many *Bullets* prizes of various kinds."

I invited Mr. Taylor to recall the making of that neat and topical *Bullet* of his, MORE SUNSHINE—AND DRAINAGE *Schemes* "EVAPORATE."

"I had read of the floods in the Fen country," he told me, "and when I saw the *Example* 'More Sunshine' I [illegible] I could link these together. Reports [illegible] how the news of this trouble has seemed to die out. I got my idea, but the [illegible] word would *not* come. However, talking it over with my wife, we agreed on 'evaporate.'"

Having just moved into a new home, there will be much good work for Mr. Taylor's £500 cheque. "There's quite a lot I want done to the house," he mentioned. "The remainder of the prize-money will be put away for my son Peter's future."

Before I left, Mr. Taylor summed up his advice to fellow strivers for the Bullets Blue Riband. "Study *Bullets Bulletin*," he urges, "and study the warning *Bullets*."

* * *

Thus last week's First Prize has been captured by a railwayman, following an office worker's success in the previous contest.

The question is now—who will be the fine First Prize offered on opposite page for Coronation Week only? And you can provide the answer.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1,068.

First Prize, £500 and Coronation Visit for Two:

H. SWALES, 8, Goldsboro Road, Doncaster.

Example: MIRACLE MAN
Bullet: WORLD CALLS "FAILURE," DADDY.

£50 AND CORONATION VISIT:

A. HARGREAVES, 84, Westfield Road, Heaton, Bradford, Yorks.

Example: Good To See
Bullet: "Their Two" There, Too.

£25 AND CORONATION VISIT:

A. GREEN, 893, Kingsway, East Didsbury, Manchester.

Example: After The Struggle
Bullet: Of Parting, "Struggle" Corresponding!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: M. PRATT, 89, Sherburn Terrace, Consett, Co. Durham.
Old England — Freedom's "Oasis" — Let's Drink——!

£9 10s.: L. PICKERING, 56, Colney Hatch Lane, Muswell Hill, London, N.
Good-bye, Baldwin—Take Pipe—And "Fiddlers"!

£9: R. CARNELL, 20, Boundary Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.
Miracle Man—Sets Bones—Upsets "Sawbones."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£8 10s.: C. LE BOLO, 126, Legsby Avenue, Grimsby.
"God Save The King!"—And "Stop Shoving!"—Coronation.

£8: Mrs. G. M. ROBERTS, Garoherwen, Lwyd Grove, Colwyn Bay.
When Father Helps—Most, "Help Mother, Mary!"

£7 10s.: A. CHAPMAN, 12, Highgate Avenue, London, N.
Old England—"The Goods"—And "Imperishable."

£7: H. W. JONES, 22, Heathcroft, Ealing, W.
Dropped—Wicket-keeper—"Caught" Dad's Bat!

£6 10s.: L. R. FRISKNEY, 36, Studfield Hill, Sheffield.
Thinking Of Holidays—Bournemouth—Yarmouth—Other "Mouths"!

£6: Mrs. G. SHEAD, "Rocheville," 7, Old Mill Lane, Forest Town, Mansfield, Notts.
Fair Warning—Village Band Advertised Concert!

£5 10s.: N. ASKEW, 3, White H[illegible] Colliery, Co. Durham.
Despondent — Village Schoolmaster's Hoeing.

£5: Mrs. J. D. FRANCIS, 280, A[illegible] Birmingham.
No Wiser—For Birching—Just "Odd"!

£4 10s.: Mrs. S. SKELSEY, 77, M[illegible] Road, Wyken, Coventry.
Thinking Of Holidays—And [illegible] Accommodation." Father.

£4: F. SCHOLES, 10, Bryanston S[illegible] W.
The Crowd—Weary—"Refreshe[illegible] Coming!"

£3 10s.: H. CANNING, 89, T[illegible] Glasgow.
When Father Helps—With Pram, W[illegible] ting!

£3: G. AULL, 13, Lawrence Stree[illegible] Small Compensation—Maternity B[illegible] Baby——.

£2 10s.: Mrs. M. LILL, Che[illegible] Baston, nr. Peterborough.
Miracle Man—Hitler—Awoke Br[illegible] ment!

£2 10s.: A. ROWLANDS, 25, G[illegible] Worsley, Lancashire.
Like Schoolboys—Or Undertakers—D[illegible]

A list of 25 10s. and 500 Coronation Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

EXTRA CORONATION AWARD: Winner of Coronation Award for highest prize won by "Bullet" containing the word "Coronation"—Mr. C. Le Bolo, 126, Legsby Avenue, Grimsby, whose effort secured £8 10s.

HEADINGS RESULT No. 3

One competitor succeeded in [illegible] placing in order of merit the three [illegible] as decided by the Editor, namely:

(1) Neglecting the Babies.
(2) Perilous Nursing Homes.
(3) Secret Police Work.

Accordingly, a £10 cheque is [illegible] to the winner, Mrs. G. Russell, [illegible] Terrace, Gateshead, Co. Durham.

Prizes for Runners-up are also [illegible] this week.

CHEQUES AND GOLD WATCHES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 59

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 59, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of meritorious Set of Answers on one Square (see page 36) were the following twenty-one competitors:—

T. Bibby, 8, Heathfield Villas, Swansea; J. L. Cochrane, 100, Invicta Road, Stone, Dartford; A. J. Dandy, 32, Hawkcleugh, Hebden Bridge, Yorks; F. Davie, 143, Nethergate, Dundee; L. C. Dockett, Aston, 102, Sandridge Road, St. Albans; V. J. Enright, 46, Rosebery Avenue, Waterloo, Liverpool; N. H. Fieldhouse, 92, Leeshall Road, Sheffield, 8; W. H. Fowler, 50, Sandown Avenue, Westcliff; E. Hayler, The Bowers, Westfield, Battle; E. W. House, 103, Cranes Road, Small Heath, Birmingham; F. House, 21, Midland Road, Reddish, Stockport; E. M. Lawrence, Beeches Hill, Bishops Waltham, Southampton; Miss F. Martin, 9, Forest Road, Forest Gate, E.; D. Martyn, Easter Mavisbank House, Quarry Road, Airdrie, N.B.; W. Murphy, 96, Avenue Park Street, Glasgow, N.W.; D. L. Murray, 619, Duke Street, Glasgow, E.1; A. C. Power, 34, George Street, Manchester Square, London, W.1; A. Vickers, 6, Woodham Way, St. Margarets, Nr. Ware; Mrs. M. Webb, 19, Rushford Avenue, Levenshulme, Manchester; A. Wilkie, c.o Forman, 68, Stenhouse Road, Edinburgh, 11; A. E. Wright, 60, High Street, Dunblane, Perths.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £1,000 and for £17 12s. 5d. will be sent to each. Their awards are accompanied by free choice of a lady's or gentleman's Watch.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize, must declare by not later than First Post, Tuesday, May 11, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No Scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided 294 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one [illegible] with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive 6s.10d. for each winning Square. A list of these can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 1,607 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

over 500,000 SPECTATORS

will witness the historic Coronation Tattoo at Rushmoor Arena this year, and you can be there with your family in "John Bull's" Private Box on the final thrilling night of June 19.

GREAT *NEW* 'BULLETS' 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

£500 CASH, AND

PRIVATE BOX FOR FOUR AT CORONATION TATTOO

Should First Prize-winner be unable to accept Tattoo invitation, it passes to highest prize-winner who can do so.

JOHN BULL'S' THRILLING INVITATION TO YOU . . .

1,072

Wherever you live we invite you, as "Bullets" First Prize-winner this week, to travel to Aldershot at our expense, accompanied by any three of your family or friends, there to enjoy the greatest Spectacle of Pageantry in Light, Colour and Music which has ever been seen in this country

7072 OTHER PRIZES WAITING

£50	£25	£10	£9	£8	£7
£6	£5	£4.10	£4	£3.10	£3

10 of £2·10 | 50 of 10/-

3,000 UNIQUE AND USEFUL 2-IN-1 CORONATION AWARDS

4,000 'STAR TARGET' PRIZES

OPEN THIS WEEK ONLY POST UP TO AND INCLUDING SAT. MAY 15

POST DURING CORONATION WEEK FOR THESE 7,073 PRIZES!

HOWEVER busy you are, sharing in the national rejoicings of Coronation Week, make sure that you spare an hour or so to make some neat *Bullets* for the splendid one-week Offer now before you.

To-day, in exchange for a few simple words, you can secure not only the countless benefits of a £500 fortune, but also an unforgettable celebration of Coronation Year. Enter the best *Bullet* of this memorable Contest and it will be your privilege, as that £500 First Prize-winner, to travel to Aldershot at JOHN BULL'S expense with any three of your family or friends to witness from a private box the final thrilling performance of the historic Coronation Tattoo in Rushmoor Arena.

Already famous throughout the world, the Aldershot Tattoo will be staged with unparalleled grandeur in June of this year. As befits the Coronation Tattoo, the central theme will be allegiance to our newly-crowned King and Queen, *who are expected to be present at the final performance on June 19, for which accommodation has been booked by* JOHN BULL.

Supporting this historic 2-in-1 First Prize is a big batch of substantial cash awards and these are followed by no fewer than 3,000 specially prepared 2-in-1 Coronation Awards. If you want to benefit by this week's 7,073 prizes, start on your efforts now—and notice that for this Coronation Week Offer only, *any number of free paid or prize coupons become entitled to use free of entry the Gift Coupon on this page.*

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

MAKE a start on your efforts by selecting a few *Examples* on which to concentrate, jotting down against each one all the ideas it suggests to your mind. There you have your raw material; your next step is to compress and improve the wording of those first rough notes into neat *Bullets* consisting of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

Suppose, for instance, that the *Example*, PUNISHING, had prompted you to scribble down, *Everybody, The Politicians' Inefficiency.* That is too dull and cumbersome a comment as it stands, but from it you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, PUNISHING—ALL "CLASSES," WESTMINSTER "DUNCES."

Before beginning on your own *Bullets*, study closely the varying styles of the winning efforts opposite. Then turn to the *Examples* without delay, for you cannot be a winner unless your entry is postmarked on or before Saturday, May 15.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,072)

AT BRITAIN'S HELM
GOD OF SPEED
TO REDUCE THE DANGER
REMEMBER, NEVILLE
IF MOTHERS STRUCK
FRIGHTENS ME
WHEN COMMON-SENSE WINS
WHITE ELEPHANTS
WITH A HUNGRY LOOK
THE TROUBLE IS
WHIZZING PAST
HE WORSHIPS HER, SO

PATIENT JOHN	"WHY WORRY?"
BRAVADO	PUNISHING
CAN'T STOP	SONNY'S GANG
UNEXPLORED	FARMER'S BOY
FOR SPITE	IN PUBLIC
HOOLIGANISM	NO TIME

SEEING IT THROUGH
LET YOURSELF GO AND
I'M NO SHIRKER, BUT
THANKS TO THE FOREMAN
WHAT THE MAYOR SAID
SHE LITTLE THOUGHT THAT
IMPULSIVELY
ON THE CARDS
PITY THE TEACHER WHEN
NEEDS A CHANGE
LOT TO LEARN
LOOKING FOR A WIFE

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Unlimited attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

FREE TO OBTAIN SIX FREE ISSUES OF "BULLETS BULLETIN" (AND CROSSWORD GAZETTE) YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY.

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of *Bullets Bulletin* and JOHN BULL'S *Crossword Gazette.* I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Supply can be arranged more speedily by posting coupon direct to BULLETIN DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

Affix ½d. stamp here

Affix ½d. stamp here

Should you wish to use Advertiser's Coupon on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,072) Closing postmark SAT., May 15.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,072) Closing postmark SAT., May 15.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,072) Closing postmark SAT., May 15.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXTRA CORONATION GIFT COUPON

Each sender of 3 coupons (*i.e.*, 6 *Bullets*) will be allowed to enter this Coronation Gift Coupon free, provided all four coupons are enclosed in one envelope and bear the same name and address.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

GIFT COUPON—NO ENTRY-FEE, but this coupon is valid only for Competition No. 1,072 and must be enclosed with 3 entry-fee or prize coupons, all entered in same name and address.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

If you want to enter further "Bullets," you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,067 will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. M. Walker, Armitage, Rugeley, Staffs.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—First £5, Second £2, Third £1.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,072, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Wonderful Discovery of Unique Blood Substance Essential to Health!

ELASTO

for veins, arteries and heart

The Wonder Tablet

Take it—And Stop Limping!

BAD CIRCULATION is the root cause of all leg troubles. A sluggish circulation means the slowing up of every vital process of the body accompanied by loss of muscular tone; a state in which normal health becomes impossible. Veins, arteries and heart are all affected, the veins in the legs most of all, and, sooner or later, some form of leg trouble is bound to develop. A good circulation is the real basis of sound health. It is a physiological fact, not generally recognised, that bad circulation, causing as it does a deficiency of oxygen in the blood and tissues, is the real cause of rheumatism.

Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

Elasto is something new to curative science, it dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.* Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell Food!

Every sufferer should test this wonderful Biological Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Prepared in small, delicate tablets, by a special process, Elasto *dissolves instantly* on the tongue, and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! *Elasto is not a drug but a vital cell-food; it does not enter the stomach, but cures through the blood.* That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Take Elasto for :—

Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Poor Blood, Bad Circulation, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad leg. Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis), Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

For All "John Bull" Readers

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a whole month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed!

ELASTO (Dept. 15),
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Read What Users of Elasto Say

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto has quite cured my eczema."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"Now free from piles."
"Varicose veins cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."

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The Great Blood Revitaliser

ELASTO (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

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Please Print in Capital Letters.
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"John Bull," 8/5/37 .....

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Elasto will save you pounds!

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